

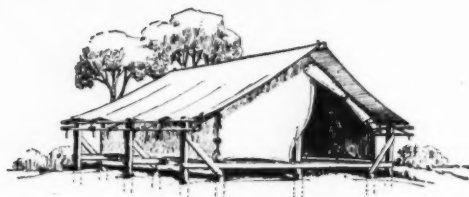
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The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

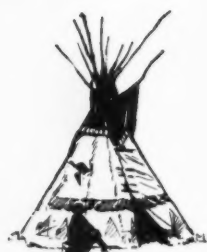
MARCH, 1931





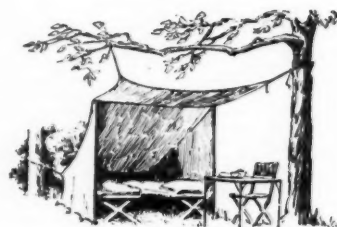
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An International Message

WHEN Miss Mochrie told me about the international issue of **THE AMERICAN**

By **JOSEPHINE SCHAIN**

singing bards, fairy tales, haunting melodies, adventure stories, fragrant spices, jewels, color, art, philosophy

GIRL and asked me to write you through her editorial page, I was delighted. As you know, I have recently become National Director of the Girl Scouts and I thought it was a happy coincidence that I should be asked to write for this issue, because I am very much interested in the furthering of international good-will.

I have had so many happy experiences in other countries and my life has been so enriched by contact with peoples of other lands that I would wish for every girl similar experiences. If we can not actually travel to far distant countries we can read about them and learn to appreciate the contributions other folks are making.

I am sure you will be tremendously interested in discovering, as I am constantly doing, how many of the things we think of as our own really came from other lands. Girl Scouting, for example, is yours because Juliette Low had a friend in England and that friend was Lord Baden-Powell, the Founder of all Scouting.

Girl Scouts and Girl Guides are organized in thirty-eight countries. Have you ever stopped to count them? Have you ever been curious about what the girls in those countries are like, how they live and what sort of games they play? Some of those countries are, of course, very familiar to us—England, France, Italy—because we have traveled there or because we know their art or their poetry or the tales of their heroes. But do we not sometimes forget that there are Girl Scouts also in Chile and in the Transvaal, as well as in a number of the countries of Asia where there were highly developed nations when Europe was merely the home of wandering and pillaging barbaric peoples.

It was while traveling in Asia that I was really awakened to a realization of how much the present is built upon centuries and centuries of the past. From this eastern land has come to us, through the wandering tribes and

and a whisper of a nearly forgotten gift—the poise and calm of meditation. It was a Chinese philosopher who said "Goodness should be practiced for its own sake and not because of a future reward" and "Do not do unto others that which you would not like them to do unto you." Confucius lived over two thousand years ago, but we today still live by these sayings.

Each country, according to climate, natural conditions and individual characteristics, has its share in the music, poetry, literature, art and progress of the world. By reading the literature, listening to the music and studying the art of each nation, by talking with friends from across the sea, and by corresponding, as many of you do, with girls in other lands, we may grow to understand and know these nations. And by sharing our experiences, our appreciations, and our successes or enthusiasms with them, we are helping them to understand and know our own country. While the conditions under which you girls in the United States are living are quite different from the conditions of the girls on the other side of the world, still, I think you will find that fundamentally your pleasures and ideals are very similar.

In this swiftly changing life of today, when man has invented so many marvelous means of communication and exchange, nations and peoples are becoming more and more dependent upon each other in a thousand and one ways.

Consider what has happened!

It was only about a hundred years ago that the first steamboat began to chug its dubious way up the Hudson River. Now men fly around the world in less than a month. By telegraph and telephone, by wireless and radio, people are daily communicating with other people the world around. You young women are growing up in a world that already challenges you to think with breadth and vision. Be prepared! Start early to do away with prejudice and ignorance! A great adventure in living lies before you!



MISS SCHAIN MET THESE DESCENDANTS OF THE PROPHET MOHAMMED WHEN SHE VISITED IRAQ, ASIA

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*
PAULINE STEINBERG, *Managing Editor*

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"Jimmee" is our girl friend—and is very proficient on the rings, as you may see. She is crazy about her new Man O'War gym suit, and well may she be. She has taken spills and tumbles and fallen in lakes and streams, but her suit looks practically as fresh as when she bought it. That's Good-Game for you. Vat dyed, it is hard to fade, and the sturdy material just won't tear. And the colors! Copen . . green . . red . . maize . . leather . . peach . . helio . . black . . white and others. The little half-blouse is in white, and there is a pocket in the side of the suit, for you know what. . . .

And the price! The suit is only \$1.95, the blouse, \$1.00. No wonder she has them in so many different colors, and several in her pet color of the moment. And besides being grand for gym, Jimmee is taking hers to camp later in the summer. . . . We don't blame her, do you? She looks so cute.

MAN O'WAR

School, Gym and Dance Togs

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GREETINGS from Egypt!" writes Janet Caldwell from the American School at Schutz, San Stefano, to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. In this International Number we send greetings back to her. And to all our far-away readers. Many of them have written us this year, but not nearly as many as we would like to hear from. As you will see, though, the letters we did receive are so interesting that the keenness of our disappointment was somewhat softened. Janet says, "I wish you knew how much we all look forward to you. That is, how all the girls in school do; the boys refuse to have anything to do with a girls' magazine in public—we've known them to read it when we were not around. I certainly am glad to see the new hobby page. Aren't the hobbies fascinating? And another thing that delights me is the 'I Am a Girl Who—' articles. I like Hazel Rawson Cades' articles, too. The Jo Ann stories are about the keenest I've ever read. Let's have a lot of them. And mystery stories. I revel in them—especially those with exciting plots to them. Mrs. Seaman's are the best ever."

HERE'S an English girl's opinions of our big current problems. Margaret Balfour writes from London and she thinks *Vagabond's Ward* was keen. "I like it better than any serials you've had for a long time. I like the illustrations to the Scatter stories, too, as they are so effective though only a few rough lines are drawn. About stories with happy endings—I love everything to unwind and come out all right, though a sad ending occasionally makes me like those with happy endings still more. Do please have some more animal stories soon, especially ones about dogs and horses, with cute illustrations. I also love the *Puzzle Pack* and *Laugh and Grow Scout*. I've quite a good sense of humor but I don't agree with Marie Prentzel. I am a Girl Guide over here, so I love to read your Girl Scout pages to see what they do."

SHANNON DAVIS writes us from the American Consulate, Seoul, Korea to tell us her opinions of the magazine. "Daddy gave me several magazines a year ago last Christmas," she says, "and *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is my favorite. I don't like poetry, but I think that we ought to have just one page of it for the girls who do. I don't hate animal stories, but I would much rather have some other kind." Shannon, you'll probably have a special interest in the article this month, *Daughters of the Diplomatic Corps*.

HERE'S a letter from Stuttgart, Germany! Florence Poch is really an American, but it does thrill us to know that we bring news from home to young

Well, of All Things!

American travelers! Florence says, "I wish to tell you how I appreciate *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, especially since I've been here in Europe. My parents brought my brother and me to Germany two years ago to learn German. Of course, I had to leave the Girl Scouts and, as I did not correspond with them, I lost contact. That was where *THE AMERICAN GIRL* helped me. I look forward to each new magazine with eagerness, because there I find out what the Girl Scouts are doing. I just love reading all the stories because they are about the only English that I have read since I came here. It has been my Girl Scout pal here in Stuttgart."

WE WERE more than delighted this year to get two letters from Alaska and we've saved them both for this International Number. One is from Pearl Duereth in Cordova, the other from Helen Mills in Sitka. Pearl says, "Your *Well, of All Things!* page gave me the idea that I should write also and give my appreciation. Your Jo Ann stories couldn't be better. And I got the biggest thrill out of your mystery stories. I also like Hazel Cades' writings; they have helped me wonderfully. Your subscriber forever, Pearl Duereth."

Helen makes a plea for a music page. She says, "Here we're all interested in music and would like to see some of your space devoted to that. Very few of us know anything at all about the great composers, or the conditions under which they did their work. It would be so interesting if we could find out about them." If music is what you want, Helen, don't miss the April issue, for in it will be an article on Johann Sebastian Bach!

WE ADVISE Dorothea Otis to watch for the April issue, too, for she also would like a music page that would tell about composers. She writes from Monte Carlo: "As I am a music lover myself, I

think it would be nice to have some articles about music and accounts of the lives of some great musicians and composers."

WE HAD several letters from Hawaii this year. One from Marion Collins. She writes from Honolulu to say, "I just love Leslie C. Warren's stories about Scatter and Man o' War. I hope you will have more of them. I thought *The Fork in the Road* was a keen serial. It is very different from any story I have read." Another Hawaiian letter comes from Dolores Garcia in Piukolii, Lahaina, Maui. Dolores wrote about the issue of last April. "I loved the pages devoted to the pictures of different Little Houses and I was very much interested when I saw a picture of part of the ceremony given at the opening of our Little House in Kahului, Maui. Since I was there and actually saw what was in the picture I think I had cause to be interested!" I should say you did, Dolores. Don't miss the pictures of Little Houses next month.

AN AMERICAN girl, Muriel Voter, writes us from Nice, France. "I received my October, November and December issues a while ago and I was very glad to have them. I think the covers are very good and I enjoy the stories and articles immensely. I disagree with any one who did not like *The Fork in the Road*. About the illustrations, I liked those of *The Fork in the Road*, but not those of the Scatter stories. I like the joke page and I think the jokes are not dry. Here in Nice there is an English Girl Guide company and I am going to their meetings. I've been to two already."

DURING this past year we received a letter from Kit McKiernan, a Scotch girl living here in New York, that gave us a warm, happy feeling. She says: "I was a Girl Guide in Scotland for ten years. When I emigrated to the United States I was very lonely. Every day, on the street and on the trains, I always kept a lookout for a Girl Scout pin. I was getting discouraged, because I could not get in touch with the Girl Scouts of this country. One evening I was rewarded, however. Coming home, I found a discarded Girl Scout magazine, which happened to be *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Through it I got National Headquarters' address, wrote them and they placed me in a troop. So you see I owe a lot to that wonderful magazine. Would it please you to know that I send my old copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to my Girl Guide friends in Scotland and far-off Australia?" We are glad to hear it, Kit. Tell them to write us about their activities over there and how they like the magazine.

"Don't have any regrets! Keep getting 'The American Girl!'"



ITALIAN QUATRAINS

New Excavations

A workman with a spade in half a day
Can push two thousand lagging years away;
See, how the tragic villas, one by one,
Like drowsy lizards, creep into the sun.

Pompeii

They let me play at digging in that place,
Scoop ash from painted walls. . . . A girl's Greek face
Stared from the frieze. Between her and the skies
I hid the smoking mountain from her eyes!

Olive Tree

Moonlight is always on its leaves;
At noon there is a midnight air
About its branches, that deceives
Lovers who chance to wander there.

*From "Fiddler's Farewell" by Leonora Speyer
Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
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MARGARET MOCHRIE · EDITOR

MARCH · 1931

Monsieur Guignol Returns

IT had been a long vacation for Monsieur Guignol. He lay all sad and dejected on top of a packing box in a small, dark room in Paris. His hands were thrown above his head in a gesture of despair, and his saucy face was dusty. A spider let himself down and sat upon Monsieur Guignol's beautiful, big, hooked nose. But there was nobody there to care. Nobody cared but Jean, and Jean had gone out again to look for work.

Jean's drum lay beside Monsieur Guignol with the two sticks neatly crossed on top. Jean's drum had had a long vacation, too—ever since Papa Michel had fallen sick. It was good Papa Michel who could make Monsieur Guignol come to life again! When Papa Michel slipped his hand up Monsieur Guignol's back, Monsieur Guignol began to dance and shout and laugh and sing and crack the other puppets over the head with his stick in the liveliest way. When Papa Michel was not sick, Monsieur Guignol was the best puppet in all Paris. He had a little theater all his own out under the trees in the Luxembourg gardens. There Jean, Papa Michel's little boy, would beat his drum—rat-tat-a-tat!—to call the children to the show. They would leave the sand piles and the merry-go-rounds and the sail boats on the pond and even the little gray donkeys, who took them for rides, and come to fill the benches in front of Monsieur Guignol's theater. Then Jean would pass the tin box and the merry sous would fall into it, so that Papa Michel and Jean and Monsieur Guignol should have food and lodging that day. Then behind the red curtains of the tiny theater a voice would be heard calling:

"Hark ye! Hark ye! It is I, Guignol, who speak. Be very quiet, all good children, for my show is about to begin!" The children would hush their chatter and breathlessly await the parting of the red curtains. When everything was quite still there would be the little rustling

By CAROL RYRIE BRINK

Illustrations by John Petrina

Michel worked with his left hand, but Guignol was the best of them all. And now he was having a vacation. The sand piles were still there. The merry-go-rounds still played their tinkling tunes. The toy boats still sailed on the fountain pond, and the gray donkeys still jogged along the paths. But the puppet theater was deserted. The children listened in vain for the merry rat-tat-a-tat of Jean's drum sounding down the long avenues of trees.

Jean was thinking of all this as he crossed the gardens on his way home. He had been looking for work, but nobody seemed to want a boy who could bear a drum, and Jean was

sound of the parting curtains, and up would pop Monsieur Guignol with his merry smile and his funny nose, to sing and dance. There were other puppets, too, which Papa

so small they laughed at him when he offered to do heavy work. The sight of Guignol's empty theater made his heart ache.

"If I were bigger and cleverer, I should try to work Monsieur Guignol myself," he thought. "I have often made him dance and sing at home. But never half so well as Papa can do it." But he put the thought resolutely out of his head. He would never dare.

The *conciierge* sat in the sunshine knitting beside the door of the tall, gray house where Jean and Papa Michel lived.

"Good day, little man," she said as Jean passed. "Have you found work today?"

"No, madam," answered Jean, hanging his head for shame as he went up the stairs. At the first landing he met the doctor who took care of Papa Michel.

"Is Papa better, monsieur?" Jean asked eagerly. The doctor only shook his head and went on down the stairs. Jean was very tired and hungry and sad. It seemed to him that he would never get up the three more flights he must climb to reach Papa Michel. For just a moment he sank down in

"GOOD DAY, LITTLE MAN," SHE SAID. "HAVE YOU FOUND WORK?"





GUIGNOL SPOKE AS LOUDLY AS JEAN COULD MAKE HIM: "YOU MUST NOT LAUGH AT US NOW, FOR WE ARE TRYING TO SAVE PAPA MICHEL!"

the little hollow of the stone step made by so many weary feet going up and down. He could hear the doctor's footsteps clattering down to the street. Then, without meaning to listen, he heard the voice of the *concierge* say:

"*Eh bien?* and how is Papa Michel?"

"No better," said the doctor shortly. "I am through now. I have done all I can for him. There is only one man in Paris who could save him."

"And who is that, monsieur?"

"That man is Doctor André Bernard."

"Doctor Bernard? But he is the greatest *médecin* in Paris!"

"Quite so," said the doctor. "They couldn't possibly afford him. He never charges less than three hundred francs a visit and they haven't paid me a sou for weeks. I tell you I am through now."

"They already owe me for three weeks' rent," said the *concierge*. "But what a pity it is! And what is to become of the poor little Jean?" Jean heard the doctor go away down the street. He heard the creak of the *concierge's* chair as she sat down again in the sunshine. But he did not get up. Their words kept going around and around in his head. Only one thing was clear to him—there was a man in Paris who could save Papa Michel, and that man was named Dr. André Bernard. But three hundred francs is such a lot of money! Where could he ever earn so much? And how find the great doctor if he had the money?

It was plain to Jean that Monsieur Guignol would have to go to work. If Jean could not find work, it must be Guignol who would save Papa Michel. He tiptoed up the stairs. Papa Michel lay quietly asleep. He was always better after the doctor had been there, and that made Jean remember that the doctor was not coming any more. He had said, "I am through. There is nothing more I can do for him. I am very sorry."

Jean went into the little dark room where

the puppets lay. Heaving a deep sigh, he dusted off Guignol's hooked nose and slipped his hand up the puppet's back.

"*Eh bien*, old man, how goes it?" asked Jean. Monsieur Guignol wagged his head and almost seemed to wink. Jean's hand did not fill up Guignol's sleeves as Papa Michel's would have done, but still he could make the puppet clap his hands and nod and bow quite well. It was harder to imitate Papa Michel's voice when he made Guignol talk. That great thundering voice that made the children laugh so much belonged only to Papa Michel and Guignol working together. Jean tried Guignol's wife Madelon on the other hand, and her shrill, squeaky voice was easier for him to do. Perhaps the children would forgive Guignol for not being himself if Madelon were very good.

Jean put the puppets back in their box, slung his drum over his shoulder, and went out with the box under his arm. Papa Michel was still asleep. The *concierge* ran out as he passed her door and put a roll into his hand. "Just eat this as you go, *mon pauvre petit*, and I will see that Papa Michel has some broth when he awakes."

"Thank you, madam," said Jean. "You are very kind to us. Madam, will you tell me where I can find a directory of people who live in the city?"

"*Mais oui, chéri*. In that café opposite they have a *bottin*. Everybody is listed in that."

"*Merci bien, madame*." It was several hours before the performances usually began in the Luxembourg Gardens. Jean went across to the café and looked up Dr. André Bernard in the columns of the *bottin*.

Rue de Chaillot, 27. It was a long way to go, but Jean shouldered his drum and his box more comfortably and started out. He knew the crooked streets of the Left Bank very well, but when he had crossed the river he didn't feel so sure of himself. But he kept going, and several times *gendarmes* gave him directions, so that, at last with very tired legs



he stood before the door of *Monsieur le docteur André Bernard*. Jean was shivering with excitement as he went up the five stone steps and pulled the bell. A maid answered his ring.

"I wish to see *monsieur le docteur*, if you please."

"Impossible."

"But I *must* see him, madam."

"*Monsieur le docteur* has gone out."

"I can wait a little while. When will he be back?"

"You had better not wait. When he will be back I cannot say. It is his little girl's birthday and they have taken a holiday."

"But, madam, my father is dying!"

"That is what they all say!" cried the maid reproachfully.

"Can the poor, good doctor not have a holiday once in the year without someone dying to spoil it for him?" She shut the door with a bang. Jean turned and went away. When he was out of sight he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. He dropped the box of puppets and the lid flew off. For a moment he was too sad to notice. Then he saw that the puppets were all looking at him. Guignol's mouth under his great hooked nose smiled at Jean—it almost seemed as if he winked.

"*Tiens! tiens!*" said Jean, "let us go!" He put the cover on the box, dried his eyes on his sleeve, and went back across the river. The Luxembourg Gardens were gay with brightly-dressed children and nursemaids. Tiny sailboats went back and forth across the fountain pond. The donkeys made their lazy circle loaded with children. The merry-go-round played a lively tune, flowers bloomed everywhere, and the sand piles were full of children digging or building.



"NO MORE PERFORMANCES TODAY?" ASKED A TALL MAN AT THE WICKET GATE

Jean unlocked the door at the back of the little theater which was scarcely larger than a sentry box. He took out the puppets and laid them ready for use. Then he sat down for a few moments because he felt very tired and hungry and rather scared.

He had never given a show himself and he wondered very much if he could do it. Certainly not as Papa Michel did it! But could he do it at all? He went over carefully in his mind the things Papa Michel always said and did. Yes, he *must* do it! He must give the shows every day just as they used to be given, until he had enough money to save Papa Michel.

He took his drum and went outside the fence which surrounded the little theater and the rows of wooden benches where the audience sat.

Rat-tat-a-tat! Rat-tat-a-tat! The old call sounded gay and familiar. The children in the sand piles were the first to drop their play.

"Guignol is going to play again! He hasn't played for a long time! Guignol is here again!" they cried. Jean kept beating his drum. The sound of it reached the children on the merry-go-round, at the fountain pond, even on the donkeys. They came flocking in from all sides—some children alone, some with fathers or mothers or nursemaids, some who must stand outside because they had no sous. Jean felt sorriest for these. *He* knew what it was to be poor!

Jean stood at the little wicket gate and took their sous as they came in. What a laughing, chattering mob they were, tumbling over each other to get the best places on the benches! When they had all come in, Jean closed the little gate and went around to the back of the theater. The coins rattled in his tin box. He was shivering with fright. He rapped three times on the back of the stage as Papa Michel always did, and called in a loud voice:

"Hark ye! Hark ye! It is I, Guignol, who speak. Be very quiet, all good children, for my show is about to begin!" Jean was frightened by the hush that followed. Through his little peephole, Jean could see them all sitting breathless for what would happen next. A little yellow-haired girl on the front bench caught the arm of a gentleman beside her and gave it a squeeze. The gentleman looked down at her with a smile and put his hand over hers. Jean pulled the curtains back and up popped Monsieur Guignol, his face as bright and impudent as ever, his nose as large, his cocked hat as gayly varnished. He had the same big stick in his hand. But something had happened to his voice! The children stirred uneasily. It was not their old friend Guignol as they had always known him. He didn't have the old thundering laugh, the jovial singing voice, he didn't crack the other puppets so merrily over the head, he even forgot some of the best parts of the play.

"Speak louder!" called someone. "What's the matter with Guignol?" called someone else. The precious silence that always reigned while Papa Michel made Guignol speak, was suddenly broken by shouts and laughter and the shuffling of feet. Jean knew he had failed. He felt sick and weak, and his knees were shaking. Next they would (Continued on page 54)





MARISA VON PRITZWITZ LIVES AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY

Daughters of

ment—Girl Guides, they call them over there. Our own American Girl Scout is merely her younger sister. But unfortunately in the family of our present ambassador from England, Sir Ronald Lindsay, there are no daughters, merely sons, and for the moment we are not interested in sons.

In Switzerland, too, bands of *Eclaireuses* and *Pfadfinderinnen*, the French and German names for Girl Scouts, are springing up like mushrooms. Nor is this strange, for Switzerland is the ideal camping ground. That beautiful picture book country with its superb mountains and glaciers, its lakes and streams, its panoramas of unsurpassed beauty and the winter sports and summer sports it affords, makes it the Girl Scouts' fairyland.

But the Swiss embassy in Washington, like the English one, has no daughters to contribute to the younger diplomatic circle, so of Switzerland we must learn in more detail at some other time.

To meet those daughters at the embassies where there *are* daughters, I went to Washington and made a round of diplomatic calls. My first was at the Hungarian embassy, where lives Count Laszlo Szechenyi, for eleven years our ambassador from Hungary, Countess Szechenyi, who was formerly Gladys Vanderbilt, and their five young daughters, each of whom is a countess herself, not by courtesy but by right of inheritance. Yet in spite of their title, these attractive countesses seem much like any family of intelligent, untitled girls.

IN THE diplomatic circles of Washington is a group of interesting young girls who represent many foreign countries. These are the daughters of the ambassadors sent us from lands across the sea—France, Belgium, Germany, Hungary, Spain, and from time to time other countries. The list is constantly changing as the various countries of the world send us an official representative who may or may not bring a daughter.

The fifteen or more daughters of diplomats who at present comprise this group in Washington vary in age from young women in their early twenties to girls of the debutante and sub-deb age, thence to children of seven or eight who still have nurses and governesses. The thing that distinguishes them from the native element in Washington's younger set is the international background each one of these girls possesses.

Some of them have lived all over the world—in Europe, in South America, in the Orient, as government duties have changed their fathers' posts. A foreign diplomat's life is a wandering one. His daughter may be born in Paris, educated in Rome, be a sub-deb in London and a debutante in Washington. Hence, these girls know the capitals of many countries, speak many queer alien tongues and are as much at home on ocean liners as they are in motor cars. The girls of one family may have the title of countess; those of another, princess, *señorita*, *fräulein*, *mademoiselle*, depending on inheritance and nationality. Now each of them lives in an embassy in our own beautiful capital, Washington, and acts and talks and dresses like any American girl. And each one in her turn will tell you how much she enjoys America.

"It's the best country in the world for the girl," they all say. "She has such wonderful liberties here."

It is also pleasant to discover that all these girls know our American Girl Scouts and are interested in promoting the movement in their own far away lands. In many of the countries they represent, the Girl Scout is already no stranger, but a very much alive, vigorous and familiar young personage. This is particularly true in England, the cradle of the move-



COUNTESS CORNELIA SZECHENYI, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE AMBASSADOR FROM HUNGARY IS DIGNIFIED AND SERIOUS

THE BLONDE HORSEWOMAN AT THE LEFT, BELOW, IS COUNTESS SYLVIA SZECHENYI, TWELVE AND CHARMING

Harris and Ewing



the Diplomatic Corps

Chronologically listed they include: the Countesses Cornelia, aged twenty-two; Alice, nineteen; Gladys, seventeen; Sylvia, twelve, and Nandine, seven.

Just as I arrived at the door Countess Cornelia drove up in her roadster and escorted me into the embassy, a spacious white stone dwelling on the outskirts of Massachusetts Avenue. Countess Cornelia is slender with a quiet dignity and distinctive charm. She has the gray-blue Vanderbilt eyes—long eyes, tangled in dark lashes—and dark brown hair worn plainly above a small, pale face that has a thoughtful, almost serious expression. Her twelve-year-old sister, Sylvia, who later came dancing into the room, is a vivacious, romping blonde with yellow hair and bright cheeks.

For the past eleven years the Szechenyi family have passed their winters in Washington, and their summers in their ancestral home in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, that section of Hungary which is now Czechoslovakia. Nandine, the baby of the family, is the only daughter born in this country.

"And which place do you like better?" I asked. "Here or over there?"

"That would be hard to say," said Countess Cornelia, screwing up her charming face as seriously as though the decision were very important, indeed. "The two places are entirely different—the people, the atmosphere, the life. Over there we are more in the country."

By MARGARET NORRIS

MESDEMOISELLES RENÉE AND REINE CLAUDEL ARE THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTERS (RIGHT)

BELOW IS THE PRINCESS HELEN DE LIGNE WHOSE FATHER WAS THE RECENT BELGIAN AMBASSADOR



Photographs by Harris and Ewing



"Is your home like a castle?" I questioned her.

"No, it is more like a hunting lodge."

"Don't you get lonely?"

"Oh, no, for we have lots of friends and tennis and riding and excursions to the mountains. Besides, it is home, so we love it. We like it here, too, but it is different. Since the war Hungary is poor. It lacks the luxuries and comforts of America and the girls are not so free to choose their own kind of life. It's something new for our women to work in offices and at occupations outside the home, though nowadays, many have to do it."

"Are Hungarian girls less gay than Americans?"

"No, the difference does not lie there, for our people are fundamentally light-hearted, but our country is older and poorer."

I am sure we work harder in school than the girls over here. Courses of education are designed by the State. No woman can vote who has not completed certain educational requirements that give her a state diploma. These requirements are not very high, they might correspond to your eighth grade. To make them, one may either attend a state school or study at home with a tutor. From ten or twelve to eighteen we attend what we call a *gymnasium*; in France they call it a *lycée*; it is equivalent, perhaps, to your high school. A few girls go to the university; some take commercial courses. Hungarian girls are becoming. (Continued on page 39)



"GOODBYE, HONORABLE MOTHER," SHE CRIED MERRILY, BOWING TO HER POLITELY

A TIRED looking woman with a patient face was seated on a straw mat spread in the shade of the broad thatched eaves. She was mending a silkworm feeding tray. By her side were piled several of the slender, skeleton-like trays—merely rims of bamboo united by a tightly stretched net of smooth cords. Through an open door could be heard the continuous nibbling of the hungry little silkworms, making a soft rustling not unlike the gentle patter of rain on a straw roof.

A young girl came walking briskly up the path, her hair covered with a narrow blue and white towel. Her kimono was tucked up over a red petticoat and the long sleeves looped back with some untwisted strands of raw silk. On her shoulders was a large bamboo basket partly filled with fresh leaves.

"Honorable Mother," she said, "I think I'd better go to see Sugita San. Our bushes are almost bare, and he is the only person in the whole village who has any mulberry leaves to sell."

"Yes, Otake," replied her mother slowly. "I suppose that will be—yes, perhaps—but you know some of the villagers say that Sugita San is a man who has abandoned the ways of his ancestors, and does strange things."

"I will not talk to him myself. I'll try to see Saburo San and ask if he is willing to speak to his father for us."

"Very well," said her mother. Then, after a moment of silence, she added, "Did you attend the honorable silkworms before you left?"

"Yes. I cleaned them and threw the waste in the fertilizer bucket, and fed them," replied the girl. "Now I'll help you with these nets. I'll be back directly."

As she disappeared around the corner of the house, her mother's eyes followed her for a moment; then with a sigh she turned to her work and pulling a thin strip from a pile of split bamboo by her side, she skillfully twisted it in and out of the broken tray. Then spreading inside a piece of finely woven matting, she put the tray aside and lifted an-

A Strange

A story of Japan by

other on to her knees and began mending it.

When the girl came back and seated herself to work, her mother looked up with a smile.

"On the whole, Otake," she said, "I'm glad you thought of Sugita San. I've been worrying about what to do. If your father were home he could go to far-away villages to buy leaves, but he never thought of our bushes failing. I don't see why they should. Before he started to Tokyo he fixed all the ridges and paid a great price for that new kind of fertilizer the school teacher is always talking about. *Maa! Maa!* and it was money scattered on the waves."

"But the school teacher is very wise. He—"

"Well, well," said her mother impatiently, "he may know about books, but how can a school teacher know anything about farming? I don't see much good in new things, anyway. Our ancestors lived without using foreign fertilizer."

"But Honorable Mother," said Otake gently, "don't you think you are a bit harsh about *all* new things?"

"Perhaps I am," replied her mother with a sigh, "perhaps I am. But a lot of peculiar nonsense is being talked and believed nowadays."

They worked in silence for a short time, Otake a little ashamed of her half-reproof question, and her mother intent upon her own thoughts. Presently she picked up a new tray and seemed to be carefully examining the net.

"This morning," she said indifferently, but with a searching glance at Otake, "I met our next neighbor at the public well. She asked if I am going to allow you to attend some kind of a meeting that is to be held in the schoolhouse."

"It is the Young People's Village Association," said Otake quickly. "I wish you would let me go, Honorable Mother. I can learn a lot of things without tuition. A famous teacher from Tokyo is coming to tell about silkworm culture."

"Well, that *is* peculiar nonsense!" spoke up her mother with scorn. "A book teacher from the city coming to villagers whose ancestors have raised silkworms for generations, to tell them how to care for silkworms! He probably knows as much of silkworms as the school teacher knows of fertilizer. Huh!"

Otake said nothing. She wanted very much to go to the meeting and she knew that the wisest thing was for her to keep still. Her mother was a slow and painstaking woman, but not progressive, although she had a loyal sympathy for her energetic and ambitious husband. He had gone to Tokyo the fall before, and was working on a street repairing job, hoping thus to help his son, who was trying to work his way through a Tokyo High School.

It was not an easy task to send ten yen regularly each month to help in the boy's expenses, nor could this have been done without the busy work of wife and daughter raising cocoons at the home in Mulberry Village. Otake had had her chance in education, for she had been allowed to finish in the highest class of the village school and even now she went to the sewing class two days in the week. And so, with the pride and spirit of her father, she gladly used both wit and hands to help increase somewhat the family income.

That afternoon, when she started on her errand to ask

Event in Mulberry Village

CHIYONO SUGIMOTO

about the purchase of mulberry leaves, she had a new towel over her freshly-oiled hair. Her kimono was tucked up over a scarlet petticoat, and instead of the usual raw strands to loop back her sleeves, she had used a narrow silk sash. Otake was in her *almost* best clothes, and the big basket she flung so easily on to her strong shoulders was not the old, sagged one she had used in the morning, but a neat one almost new.

"Goodbye!" she called merrily, bowing to her mother who was sitting on the straw mat by the door, busy with the never-ending task of mending nets. "I'll offer him twenty-five sen a ken, for the season."

Another bow, and down the path she went, her wooden clogs sounding a cheery "kara-kara—kara-kara!" on the sandy ground.

Her mother stopped work and looked after the girl with a grave face.

"Otake is eighteen," she murmured to herself. "It is time for her to be settled in life. I am much troubled—very much troubled—that she seems to dislike her cousin Taro. A marriage between the same bone and flesh is a very sensible thing; but young people of today are not so obedient as they should be."

With the old, familiar sigh she turned her patient face to her work, but her thoughts went on.

"Perhaps it was not wise that the House Master should have remained away from home this busiest time of the year. In winter, villagers have less to do and women can get along better without the men, but now—"

As she sat there alone, her gnarled old fingers bending, twisting, weaving and fastening the flexible strips of bamboo, many thoughts crept into her simple mind. Not only was she burdened with the extra work of her husband's absence, but her heart was heavy with the responsibility of her daughter's future. The sunshine slowly crept around the corner of the house and reached the straw mat on which the old woman was sitting. But she went on working and thinking until she heard footsteps and looked up to see Otake coming along the path, carrying on her back the big basket full of fresh mulberry leaves.

"Maa! Maa!" exclaimed the mother, her lifted eyes blinking in the sunlight. "He let you have some leaves, didn't

he? Can you arrange for a supply for the whole season?"

"I think so," the girl replied. "He will send us word."

"How soon you got through picking the leaves!"

"Saburo San helped me."

Her mother looked annoyed.

"Otake," she said, "I wish you would be prudent. I would rather Saburo San let you alone. This modern way of young people being so free with each other is improper and may excite village gossip. You are just in the time which decides your life, and you must remember that no substantial family will accept a bride who is not strictly proper and ladylike."

"Yes, Honorable Mother."

As Otake turned to go away, her mother noticed that she was holding a small package wrapped in a leaf of bamboo-shedding.

"What is that you have?" she asked.

"Maa!" exclaimed Otake, quickly handing her mother the package. "Please excuse my rudeness. I had forgotten the salted fish sent to you with a greeting from Saburo San. It came from town. He says his mother likes it very much, so he thought perhaps you would like a little of it too."

"That is kind of the young master," said the mother with a pleased look. "I feel greatly honored that Saburo San should consider me in thought with his mother. Her family has always furnished the village master from even before the Restoration. Maa!"—and again came the familiar sigh—"It is a pity that such an honorable family has forsaken the teachings of the blessed Buddha."

"But, Honorable Mother," said Otake timidly, "the villagers all say that the Sugita family are noted for kindness to their tillers."

The mother turned away with a shrug, then quickly looked back at her daughter.

"Otake, of course you did not pick the leaves with fishy hands! You know the honorable silkworms are princesses. They are very particular about odors, and a fishy scent might kill them."

"Oh, yes! I washed my hands before I touched the leaves. Why are the honorable silkworms called princesses?"

"You ought to know that, my ignorant daughter."

"Yes, but in the beginning, I mean. I'll go and change my kimono and you can tell me while we finish the nets together."

Otake swung the basket from her shoulders and running into the house soon came out dressed as she was in the morning, except that her ki-

Illustrations by Eleanor Latimore



SHE LOOKED UP AND BEHELD A CRESCENT MOON IN THE SKY

mono was not tucked up and she had on a long, narrow apron. The warm spring sunshine was flooding the mat as she seated herself beside her mother.

"I heard, Honorable Mother," she said as she reached over for a broken tray, "that in large cocoon factories they use metal nets, instead of hemp and bamboo splits like ours. Wouldn't it be fine if we could afford that kind? Then we wouldn't have to mend like this all the time."

"I don't know about these newly invented things, Otake. People nowadays seem not to have reverence for anything. The honorable silkworms are so particular that they cannot bear even the leaf-waste in the tray below. They almost tip-toe on the top of the cord net. You know how still they are, and how tightly they hold to the clean net when we lift it to a fresh tray. No, no! A metal tray is too slippery and too chilly for their dainty feet."

"I suppose it is," replied Otake with a patient sigh, "but I would like to have *something* new to do things with. We never have a single improvement in our house."

Her face flushed as she spoke, and she looked at her mother rather timidly, feeling that perhaps she had been too rude. Her mother said nothing, and Otake hastened to add, "Of course you know best, Honorable Mother, because—because you know best. Well, anyway," she spoke up cheerfully, "please tell me about the dainty little princesses—the honorable silkworms."

"There isn't much to tell," said her mother quietly, "but if you really want to hear, I'll tell you the story."

"In the olden, olden time there lived a beautiful princess, who was betrothed to the young prince of a neighboring province. The good-luck day had been chosen for the wedding and all arrangements seemed to be complete, when unexpectedly the saddest thing happened. For years there had been a mild dispute between the lords of the two provinces, about a boundary line; and in planning for the marriage settlement, this dispute grew into a quarrel so serious that it resulted in war. Of course this meant the unbinding of the betrothal tie. But the war went on, and then occurred a terrible tragedy in the death of the young bridegroom prince himself on the battlefield."

"In time, the father of the princess planned another marriage for his daughter. She was sad and reluctant, but he urgently persisted. The poor princess could not disobey her parent, nor could she be disloyal to the sacredness of her betrothal promise, so one dark night, with desperate courage, she stole away and wandered until she found the grave of her pledged husband. Near his tomb she built a humble hut, and lived there as a nun the rest of her life. When she died, the simple people of the neighborhood, to whom she had been kind, buried her with tears beside the one to whose memory she had been so faithful. The next morning the two graves were found crossed back and forth with a shining web of silvery threads. It was the loving work of hundreds of tiny silken creatures that had their birth in the beautiful thoughts of the sad princess."

"So that is why they are called *O Kaiko Sama*—precious children," said Otake softly. "That is a beautiful story of faithfulness, Honorable Mother."

"Yes," replied her mother, curtly. "Now we must talk about business. What do you think we will have to pay? I hope twenty-five sen a ken will be sufficient, but at any price we must have the leaves, for the honorable silkworms must be feasted well before they weave their cocoon homes."

"I think the price will be reasonable. That family seems

to have much sympathy for others. Saburo San said he was almost sure his father would help you out. He is coming tonight with the reply."

Both mother and daughter waited with expectation for the evening; the mother hoping for assurance that she could have the juicy leaves, the daughter thinking with pleasure of again seeing the manly face and hearing the cheerful voice of Saburo San.

At last the daylight changed to twilight, and Otake, carrying a big wooden bucket, went to the neighborhood well. While drawing water she heard a soft "puff!" and behold! a lovely moon-flower lifted its sweet face from the vine twining about the well curb.

"That's for good luck!" whispered Otake, with a smile.

As she carried back the full bucket she looked up and beheld a crescent moon sailing across the sky.

"That's for more good luck!" she said and went smiling into the house.

Her mother was sitting before a huge chopping board, spreading it thickly with mulberry leaves. Otake seated herself opposite, and soon the nok-nok! nok-nok! of their busy

knives broke the silence as they prepared the food for the hungry little princesses. This done, the shelves of bamboo trays, each holding thousands of silkworms, were examined as conscientiously as a careful nurse watches over a baby's crib. Also the bamboo poles that hold the shelves were looked over, for if a carelessly tied rope-knot should loosen, the jar would terrify the sensitive little creatures in the tray beds.

At last all was finished. And just in time, for the delicate little charges were no sooner safely settled for the night than the tread of heavy wooden clogs sounded on the path, and "Good evening!" was heard at the door.

Both mother and daughter were startled, for the voice was one that neither had expected. In place of young Master Saburo, his father had come. This was exciting, for the Honorable Head-master of the village had to be welcomed with deference and state. Otake hurried away for a big, square cushion of silk, while the mother, with her shining black head bowed to the matted floor, made ceremonious inquiries as to the welfare of the honorable wife and family.

Finally the guest was comfortably seated on the square cushion, and Otake slipped into the kitchen to prepare tea, whereupon the room settled into the ceremonious silence of pretended leisure, as was the village custom on the arrival of an honored guest.

"I understand your honorable worms are the finest in the village this season," said Mr. Sugita. "I present my congratulations on your success."

Otake's mother bowed deeply and murmured a formal protest, saying that her humble worms were indifferently cared for by her ignorant daughter and herself.

"Not so! Not so!" Mr. Sugita dismissed her remarks with an uplifted hand, as if firmly pushing her words from him. "I am sure you deserve all that is said. And your daughter is an unusual girl, I must say. Very few young people in these days are like her. Well, well, I too often utter murmurs against young people. As we grow old, it seems easy to complain without much reason. Ahah—ahah!"

"And how is your honorable wife, did you say?" spoke the woman rather hurriedly. "I owe many, many apologies for my negligence to show my deep respect. My arms seem not to move with rapidity. My (Continued on page 54)





Costumes from Many Lands

THERE'S nothing quite so much fun as a fancy dress party! From the time when they are tiny tots until long after they are grown, girls love to dress

up. Perhaps they play princess draped in Mother's old silk shawl, or appear as lovely brides veiled in lace window curtains. Costumes may be made from almost any collection of odds and ends, combined with a little imagination. Of course, anybody can become a Japanese maiden by wrapping herself slimly in a Japanese kimono bound with a big sash, and putting a few flowers and knitting needles in her hair. Or she may become a coolie by pulling in pajama trousers snugly at the ankle under a coolie coat, with a skull cap made of a stocking-top knotted in the middle, and a straw tray for a hat. It isn't necessary to buy expensive materials and fancy patterns. It's imagination that is most important. If you are clever with your fingers, so much the better. You can imitate embroidery and gay colored prints and jewelry with paint and stencils and sealing wax.

The illustrations suggest a few simple peasant costumes of various countries that are easy to copy. Most of them consist of some combination of a white blouse, tight bodice, full skirt, apron and kerchief. It is only in the type of fabric used, the cut of the bodice and the headdress that there is any great difference. Perhaps you already have some parts of one of these costumes on hand, a full skirt or an embroidered apron or a fancy kerchief. If so, just build a costume around that the next time you are invited to a fancy dress party. Any of these costumes may be varied slightly and still be correct. Look through

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

Illustrations by Jean Calhoun

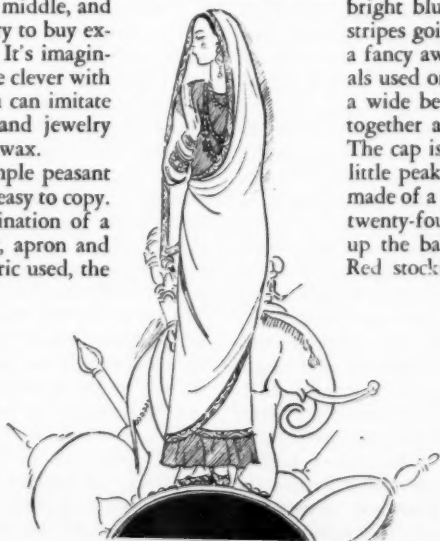
old magazines and books on costumes and you may work out something even more interesting for yourself. Here are some suggestions that you will find easy to follow.

If you are a blonde, you will find a Swedish costume very becoming. One of the peasant costumes of Sweden is worn by the girl at the extreme left at the top of this page. It is made with a simple white blouse with long sleeves—any school blouse will serve—a straight around bodice of black velveteen over stiff canvas, laced together up the front and held over the shoulders with funny little semi-detached shoulder straps. The straps are fastened to the bodice with little ornaments. The skirt is very short and full, made of

bright blue cloth. The striped apron, with the stripes going round and round, may be made of a fancy awning fabric or one of the gay materials used on porch furniture, slightly full in to a wide belt. The very small kerchief is pinned together at the front of the neck like a collar. The cap is a high pointed one of organdie with little peaks over the ears like a Dutch cap. It is made of a piece of white organdie nine inches by twenty-four inches folded in the middle, stitched up the back and gathered a little at the neck. Red stockings and black slippers complete the

costume that makes you jolly the minute you put it on. On page forty you will see a pattern for the bodice worn with this costume.

The girl in the center of the picture wears the picturesque dress of the French Alsatian peasant with its fascinating headdress. Can you imagine whole villages full of girls so quaintly dressed, with the (Continued on page 40)



Skuga

A story of Iceland

ON MONDAY morning Sunja had milked the goat, eaten her breakfast, and had gone down to work in the peat-bog. It was now Friday forenoon, and though she had worked in the bog the whole week long she was still digging away, for she was not even half way through.

On the first morning of the week she had spent the whole day long cutting strips of peat, the width of the spade and many meters long. These she had divided into blocks the width and the length of the spade, and had turned them over on the turf to dry in the wind and the sun. As the Lord would have it, it did not rain, so the blocks dried rapidly. After cutting hundreds of these large square blocks, she had to start on the first one again, and divide it into thirds. These thirds resembled sooty bricks. After all of the larger squares had been thus divided they were set up in a long zig-zag row, so that the three sides of the peat bricks were exposed to the sun and the drying winds that swept across the country.

It was rather lonesome working there by oneself all day with only the dog, Yutul, for company. But Sunja felt herself to be a fortunate girl. For she had gloves—real gloves that would keep the peat from eating into her hands! That was more than anyone on the island had, for nobody there could afford the extravagance of leather gloves. Sunja could not have had them, either, but they had been willed to her by a neighbor, Morbro Kal. She had often looked at them when she was hungry, and wished that she could eat them, but now that she was working in the bog again, she was glad that she had them to protect her hands from the fearful corroding influence of the peat.

Yutul stretched, and whined loudly, showing his graceful curling tongue. The sun was overhead and he was hungry. Sunja looked at her week's work and was proud of it. The driftwood on the shore could keep the fires going in the summer, but when the icy wind swept down from the North Pole, and the snow rose up above the house gables, then it would never do to depend upon driftwood.

Next week, Sunja would haul the peat home in a wheelbarrow, and pile it up in the shed to dry. She shuddered when she thought of the many trips she would have to make back and forth before she had the fuel in the shed arranged in pyramid fashion.

"Let us go around down by the beach now and carry home some driftwood for the fire," suggested Sunja to the dog as she pressed the spade down into the bog with her heavy shoe. The dog, wagging his consent, went ahead and Sunja clattered after in her wooden shoes. It was a blessing that the warm stream of the Gulf of Mexico favored Iceland, also, on its trip northward carrying up the surplus driftwood from its well-wooded shore. Otherwise the poor peasant and fisher folk on the island should surely never have had a stick of wood with which to build their homes.

The morning tide had deposited a new collection of strangely twisted trunks and boughs. Here too, were a few boards, probably torn from some wreck in a storm. Sunja



THE OTTER THREW ANOTHER FISH ON THE ICE. SUNJA CRIED OUT TO

pulled them out of the water greedily, and dragged them up on the dry sand where they might lie and dry out in the summer sunshine. Farther up along the shore Yutul barked short, sharp excited barks, but Sunja paid no heed. She merely kept dragging the driftwood up into a pile, for she knew that when the tide returned, it would pick the wood up again and transfer it some place else.

When she had gathered all the wood she could find, she gathered an apron full of shorter wood and twigs, and started for home. Far down the beach she could hear Yutul still barking. She called to him. But he kept on barking as before.

"Now what has he got into!" she remarked impatiently, but as usual went to find out what new discovery he had made now.

As she came near to him, she could see him digging away at a hole in the sand until the dirt flew about in a cloud. Sunja dropped her wood and got down upon her knees by the dog. He dug frantically, and whined anxiously as if afraid that the creature he was after would get away from him. Sunja thought she heard a whining response, far down in the earth. "Stop a minute, while I listen," said Sunja, and pushed Yutul aside. Yes, something was whining down there in the earth. She reached in her arm almost up to her shoulder. Her hand closed upon something soft and squirmy. Then she felt two pricks of pain penetrate her glove. She snatched her hand out. A tiny dark-skinned creature was clinging fiercely to her glove. Pain shot up her arm from those clenched teeth, but when she pulled her sheath knife out of its place in her girdle and inserted it between the teeth of the vicious little fellow, he decided it might be best to let go and to try scratching and kicking instead. Sunja, however, was prepared for that and held on to him firmly. Yutul stood by, his eyes snapping and his teeth itching to get hold of the creature. He whined too, as if sorry Sunja



THE WIND: "NOW SKUGA WILL NOT HAVE TO DIE. SKUGA SHALL LIVE!"

had to come along and deprive him of his exciting quarry.

"Stop crying, Yutul," said Sunja, "this is a young otter. I am going to take him home with me."

Yutul could see no sense to that, either, but he knew it was as good as useless to argue with Sunja, so home they went. Over the stones she clattered, forgetting about being tired or hungry, remembering only that she had found a new friend, a very remarkable friend.

Through the door she flew, nor did she stop to pull it to behind her. "Mother," she cried, "look what I have found!"

The mother as usual was spinning. She dropped her spindle and turned about in surprise. "*Isb!*" said she when she saw the little black, long bodied creature, "what is it?"

"An otter, Mother! It's an otter!"

"An otter! What is there about it to be so glad over?" she asked, taking up her spindle again. "Haven't we enough mouths to feed, now, without having any more?"

"Yes, Mother, but he is so little he won't eat much."

"Not now, perhaps, but he won't always stay small. He will grow."

"Perhaps, though," said Sunja, "he won't live."

"Oh, yes, he will live," replied the mother. "Every sort of rodent lives upon this island! You must not keep him, Sunja. I will not allow it! Tomorrow you must take him back to the place where you found him." With that she set the wheel whirring again, and nothing more was said about the young otter just then. Sunja put the little fellow down into a deep wooden pail, then she drew her red woolen gloves out of the cupboard drawer and put them upon him to keep him warm while she hastened about and made some porridge out of goat's milk and barley for the children.

Sunja's mother, like hundreds of other women along the coast of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland and Iceland, had been made a widow by the ravaging sea that constantly lashed the little island upon which she lived. Nor was Hilda,

By NORA BURGLON

Illustrations by

James Lindsay McCreery

the mother of Sunja, any wealthier than the widows of most fishermen. In fact, she depended upon her spinning and weaving for her livelihood, and Sunja had the care of everything about the place. If the turf upon the roof had to be tended to, Sunja took care of it. Sunja spread the nets in the bay, and brought home the fish upon which the family lived most of the time. She set snares for rabbits and grouse, and sometimes caught a duck that was foolish enough to stick its head through one of them. Sunja dug the peat, and put it away into the drying shed. Sometimes she put up more than they themselves might need for the winter. With the money from the few sacks of it that she dared to sell, she helped her mother along with the cares of the household, for there were five other children besides herself in the hut, and she was only thirteen years old—though she appeared much older. Poverty and responsibility had left their stamp upon her.

"The porridge is done now, Mother," announced Sunja, lifting the steaming pot. "Where are the children?"

"I don't know. Taking the place to pieces, I suppose," she answered wearily, and got up and

walked slowly to the door calling loudly for the missing five. She had to call several times before they heard. Then they answered from behind the house, where they had been playing cows with sea shells.

They had hardly entered before Karl discovered the black tail of the otter sticking out of Sunja's red mitten. He gave a cry of joy which brought the other five to the pail with a rush.

"Is he ours?" they exclaimed. "What a pet to have!"

"He won't be here long," said their mother. "We cannot keep him."

This decree was greeted by wails and such argument and pleading from the five that Hilda finally consented to allow the otter to remain on trial for a while.

"But mind," she added. "Any mischief and out he goes."

Sunja was so afraid something might happen to the new pet that she carried him along with her wherever she went. Like most of his kind he soon became tame, and rode about on Sunja's shoulders whether she was working in the peat fields or drawing the nets out of the sea. It was only when he got his claws tangled up in Sunja's hair that they ever had any disagreement.

Winter would soon be upon them, so Sunja went out to sea in her rude boat every day now, and scooped up whatever there was that could be eaten. Sometimes she went out for days at a time and never got so much as a herring for her trouble. Then again she would bring back a sackful and everyone would have all he could eat and the rest would be salted or smoked for the winter.

As she would bend over the line and haul in the dripping nets, the otter would watch critically from his perch upon her shoulder. His small black eyes would snap and glisten as he watched what the nets brought in, and his head would dart from side to side as his nose caught the odor of fish.

Since the otter never missed going with Sunja wherever

she went, the family named him Skuga, meaning shadow. Even Hilda became fond of him although she often remarked that he was a "useless fellow."

But one blustery day as Sunja was hauling in the nets, a great cod slipped out and darted into the sea again and Skuga proved that he *could* do something besides eat and sleep and follow Sunja about. Quick as a flash he leaped overboard after the fish. Like a black snake he glided through the waves in pursuit. The silly cod instead of making a quick getaway, leaped out of the water and tried one trick after another to get rid of the otter, but Skuga came from a family of fishermen, and it took something with a better mind than a fish to outwit him. With the swiftness of a harpoon, he darted at the throat of the fish, and soon he was hauling his enormous prey back to the boat. Sunja hooked the fish with the gaff, and helped Skuga aboard.

After that the otter came to occupy a more important place in the little fisher hut by the seaside. There were days when the waves rose so high that Sunja did not dare venture out upon the bay and instead, took him inland into some stream or lake. It was seldom that, at such a time, Skuga did not bring to shore at least a couple of pickerel. And these, with the game Sunja caught in the snares and traps, kept the family in the little Iceland hut well supplied with food through the summer and the fall. Then came winter.

In no other country of the world is the winter as long and fierce and merciless as in Iceland. It comes early and stays late and there are only a few hours of daylight.

Sunja had always dreaded and feared the winters, not only because they were so long and dark and severe, but because there was seldom enough to eat, and one got so tired of codfish and smoked puffin, every day for weeks at a time, morning, noon and night.

When the days at last became clearer and lasted longer, Sunja's heart grew lighter. She could hope and almost believe that perhaps spring was coming early this season. Then the wind came shrieking down from the North again, tearing the snow down upon the huts of the fisher folk; shrieking down their chimneys, and pounding at the doors and windows until it was a wonder they did not splinter, and she knew that spring had delayed a little while.

One evening Hilda had pulled her spinning wheel up before the peat fire, that she might soak in some of its feeble

heat, for the cold seemed to drink it up before it got into the room. Sunja too, was sitting by the fire upon her three-legged stool, knitting as fast as her needles could fly. The ashes flew into her eyes and blinded her with tears, but she could knit so well it was not necessary to watch her work. Skuga lay upon her back, underneath her braid, with his head pillowed on her shoulder. Every once in a while he would put out a quick paw and slap at the needles, but he would nearly always miss them and Sunja would laugh at him when he did. He, too, would grin.

"We will have to go to bed to keep warm," said Hilda. "The wind is so fierce we can no longer keep a fire in the fireplace. The ashes, too, blind me! *Ish!* What weather!"

"And it is snowing, too, Mother. I fear that all of my snares shall be covered over by morning," said Sunja.

"I hope not. It would taste so good to get some fresh game on blustery days like this. Food would help keep us warm, too," said Hilda, as she sat down in her little cupboard and prepared to pull off her sheep lined boots. Only the very rich in Iceland can afford more than one room. Here the members of the family slept in little alcoves built into the wall of the living-room. Whether guests were present or not, nothing better could be offered them but an alcove before which sliding doors or curtains could be drawn, to be opened up again when the lights were put out or the air became too bad.

Tonight Sunja slipped Skuga to bed with her to keep him and herself warm. Then she drew the sliding doors to keep the ashes from dancing about upon her face. Tonight there was small danger of suffocating in the alcove, for the wind blew in through the cracks and sifted the fine snow upon the sheepskin coverlet.

Sunja gathered the otter into her arms and they snuggled down together. He had now grown so large his body was two feet long. He did not seem at all opposed to lying under the coverlet, but it was evident he wanted nothing over his head. Sunja was glad he was near her tonight. When the wind howled so fiercely and danced upon the roof she was always half scared to death. At such times, she always felt as if the wind might grab her by her hair and lift her out of her bed. She somehow felt tonight that she was safe against the wind as long as Skuga, with his warm body, was near her.

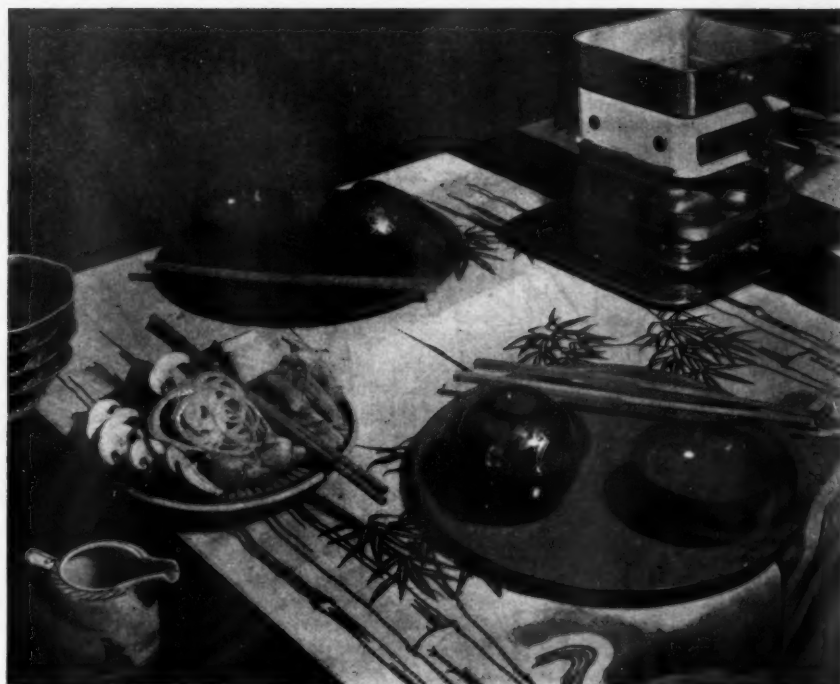
The storm thundered upon the (Continued on page 36)



THE OTTER SOON BECAME TAME AND RODE ABOUT PERCHED ON SUNJA'S SHOULDERS WHEN SHE WAS WORKING IN THE PEAT FIELDS

By
WINIFRED
MOSES

STRIPS OF JAPANESE CRÊPE
MAKE A COLORFUL BACKGROUND
FOR THE LACQUER TRAYS, SUKI-
YAKI BOWLS, CHOP-STICKS AND
OTHER ARTICLES IN THIS JAP-
ANESE TABLE ARRANGEMENT



The World on Your Table

NOT long ago I had a letter asking me to give suggestions for serving an Arabian dinner to precede a small dance, which really was a large order, for the Arabs live in tents and are not given to dinner dances. However, the Arabs have some interesting food customs and since this is international month, I shall name a few, with suggestions for adapting them to an American party.

Generally speaking, the fare of the Arab, especially among

the Bedouins and other poor tribes, is very simple. A drink of camel's milk and a handful of dates is a day's ration for a man. Bread is a rare luxury and meat a rarer one. Probably for this reason Arabs are always lean and hungry-looking.

The Arabs are very fond of newly baked bread. As there are no mills for grinding and making meal and flour, it is the business of the women to grind the meal for the bread, when there is any to grind, in a little hand mill. Of course, this is a laborious task but meal ground in this way has a delicious flavor, and is very wholesome. The meal is mixed with water, made into thin little cakes and baked in little clay ovens, that they make themselves, or on an iron plate over a tiny little fire. These cakes are called bread flaps. The only other foods which are in common use are dates, milk, cheese, honey and rice.

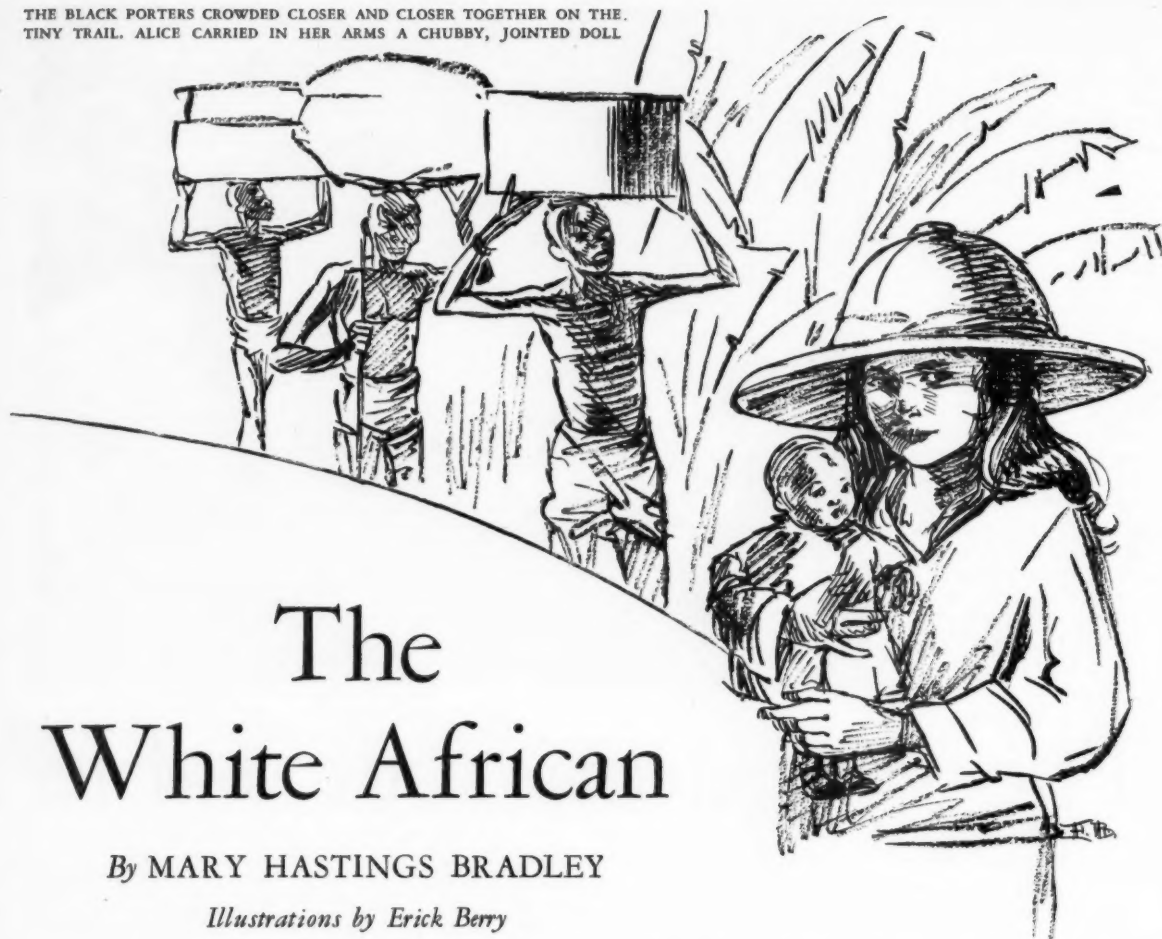
As a host the Bedouin has no peer. To sit in his tent and enjoy his hospitality is a pleasure to be remembered, even though the amount of meat served with the rice may be small and so tough that it is impossible to chew it.

Upon certain occasions, however, the Bedouins give huge feasts, especially at weddings. No invitations are sent out but the guests come from far and near, eat to repletion, and are welcome as long as they care to stay. At these feasts, mats are spread in the courtyard. At each mat four or six guests sit down. Attendants bring in huge bowls of rice and meat. When one group has eaten—which it does very quickly—it moves away and another takes its place. Since four hungry Bedouins are supposed to be able to eat a whole sheep and a mountain of rice at one sitting, a tremendous amount of food is required at one of these feasts. A host has been known to supply forty sheep, ninety camels, and measureless quantities of rice. (Continued on page 46)



HORS-D'ŒUVRES INSTEAD OF SANDWICHES ARE SAVORY REFRESHMENTS

THE BLACK PORTERS CROWDED CLOSER AND CLOSER TOGETHER ON THE TINY TRAIL. ALICE CARRIED IN HER ARMS A CHUBBY, JOINTED DOLL



The White African

By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Illustrations by Erick Berry

BOOM. Boom. Boom. The drums sounded louder and louder now in the forest. For hours the *safari* had been hearing them, muffled by the dense jungle, reverberating like low echoes of thunder.

Something was happening in the village ahead. The black porters, strangers to this part of the forest, crowded closer and closer together on the tiny trail that they were following, till the big loads of luggage on their heads were nearly touching.

It was a lonely and untraveled part of the Ituri forest in the Eastern Congo that the little party of whites with their black porters were journeying through to avoid the sleeping sickness along the old caravan trail. The strangeness and the gloom of the green-shrouded darkness and the uneasy behavior of the men quickened something like apprehension in the white man and woman marching at the head of the single-file procession.

Behind the white man and woman came a green linen hammock swung on a pole that was carried on the heads of two porters. Out of this hammock, like a rabbit out of a bag, popped a small head, capped with the usual African helmet, beneath which hung a shower of tangled curls.

"What's all the drumming about?" demanded a small girl of nine, little Alice who had been taken, ever since she was five, on all the African journeyings of her parents.

"Are they telegraphing?" she asked, for Africans telegraph by drum beats all the news of the forest, so that villages, twenty miles away, know all that is happening.

"It must be a long telegram," said her mother.

"It's probably an *ngoma*—a dance," said her father, a little uneasily despite the forced unconcern in his voice.

Alice scrambled out of her hammock and joined her parents as the path widened a little. She was dressed in khaki, like them, but her khaki was a middy and knickers and gaiters, as protection against the thorns and insects, and she carried in her arms a chubby, jointed doll, khaki-clad, too, but with a complexion somewhat the worse for the wear of African rains and sun.

Around a clump of trees the path wound, then came abruptly into the sunshine of the village clearing.

The long street stretched before them, edged with beehive-shaped huts, golden in the sun, made of forest leaves. Behind them was the crowding green of the banana groves and beyond that the shadowy dimness of the jungle.

Strange to say, no wondering-eyed women, or curly little black heads were peering out from the dark entrances of the huts, and no tall chief, with his body-guard, was advancing to meet the strange newcomers. All the people in the village were gathered in a great, black swarm down at the far end of the clearing, packed densely about a place where the drumming was going on.

So absorbed were they all that they continued completely oblivious to the approach of the whites, who left their camp boys and porters to pitch their tents at the edge of the forest, while they went forward to see what was happening.

It was a strange, barbaric sight, that mob of lean, black bodies, clad only in orange colored barkcloth, with iron necklets and arm bands and leg rings gleaming against the dusky skins. . . . Black bodies swayed in hypnotic unison to the insistent throbbing of the drums. . . . Round, gleaming eyes were fixed intently upon something in the center of the crowd; white teeth, filed to points, were glistening in eager-

ness. . . . From the open mouths a low, heavy chanting was rising and falling with the rhythmic beating of the drums.

In the center of the throng, in a little cleared space before the great drums on which the drummer's sticks were descending in a fury of sound, a tall, ghostly looking figure was leaping and whirling. White lime and ash marked it in weird designs. From the outstretched arms dangled the long white fur of the colobus monkey. From the inhuman looking head rose a peaked cap, studded with white cowry shells and sprouting green parrots' feathers. A necklet of bones rose and fell on the heaving chest, and iron bells jangled on wrists and ankles.

It was the medicine man, the witch doctor of the village, in his sorcerer's dress, performing some strange incantation.

Boom. Boom. Boom. The drums thudded behind him, faster and faster. The wild figure leaped more frenziedly. The chant of the people rose hysterically with the excitement, and the black bodies swayed as if under one spell.

"By George, what's going on?" Alice heard her father whisper to her mother. Then Mother began to whisper to her gun boy who was beside her. They were all looking anxious.

Perhaps the chief was sick and the sorcerer was trying to drive out the evil spirit. Perhaps someone had died and the magic dance was to discover which one of the villagers was the evil spirit that had caused the death—for to the forest native any death, not from old age or from war, is caused by evil spirits.

It meant trouble, in any case, if this were a witch dance, for when the medicine man has "smelled out" the witch, as they call it, there is a terrible witch killing—and the whites didn't want that to happen. They knew they would be helpless to prevent it against the natives' frenzy.

Then, too, there was the fear that if the witch doctor did not find the witch among his own people, he might decide that the evil had been caused by one of the porters in the *safari*, sending his wicked influence ahead, and that would be a dangerous predicament for the whites. The natives

might keep their designs secret, and under cover of night, they might throw their spears suddenly. Never do they let the witch escape.

For they believe in the wickedness of the witch—just as our grandfathers believed in the superstitions of the middle ages. The witch means everything that is evil to them—a wicked-working something that must be swiftly stamped out if they themselves are to live in security—something to be killed without mercy even if the witch spirit is in the shape of a dearly-loved friend or relation.

Anxiously Father began questioning the camp boys, who had followed them, and the boys began edging among the crowd, asking questions in the vernacular. The people were too intent to talk and were reluctant to tell, but little by little, as the boys made their way about, they got answers and came back and pieced the story together for the whites.

A child had been born to the son of the chief, they said, many days ago, as many as four tens of days. A strange child, unlike anything that had ever been seen. The skin was palish white and the hair was red as clay soil in the sun. A queer, terrifying-looking child.

The father had been frightened when he saw it and had wanted to carry it out to the bad bush for the night beasts to destroy—as they leave twins, for twins, like anything out of the usual, are revolting to the natives' ideas.

But stubbornly the little mother had clung to her baby. And because she was his first wife and his heart was soft to her, the young husband had given her her way. For a month, as the custom was, she had stayed in her hut with her child.

Then she had brought it out into the village and the neighbors, seeing it, were frightened, too. This was an evil portent—some danger was surely threatening the village. It was inviting trouble to harbor a being as strange and hideous as this pale child.

They had besought the father to do away with it. But he had been dilatory, unwilling to (Continued on page 34)



AND THEN, IMPULSIVELY, SHE UNFASTENED A LITTLE CHARM OF IVORY FROM HER NECK AND CARRIED IT OVER TO THE WHITE BABY

MARGARETTA HOGE *tells about women of other women will be wearing from gay Monte*

The STYLIST



AWAY back last May or early June while the thoughts of the world were turning to sweet girl graduates in organdie frocks, summer vacations and sun tan, a smart young woman sat in her office in a big Chicago department store busily studying a sheath of cables just received from the store's Paris office. The cables concerned such unseasonable items as fur coats, cloth suits, felt hats, velvet dresses, furred evening wraps—other cold weather garments, the very thought of which seemed superfluous, while every shop window in town was gay with beach coats and tennis frocks. But to this young woman their news was important. In fact, she found it quite thrilling and now, with pencil and paper in hand, she began doing some quick calculating. As a result of it all she wrote down these words: "Black, first; brown, second; green, third."

This meant, as the reader may easily guess, that black would be the best color for autumn, brown the second and green the third in popular favor. This gentle tip, along with other news that concerned tunic blouses versus tuck-ins, skirt lengths and even hem lines, she handed to the buyers of her store who were just starting out for New York to select their fall goods from the manufacturers.

The young woman who had given out this very advance information was the stylist.

But who is the stylist? What does she do and how does she do it?

Ten years ago no one had heard of her. Today she is one of the most important persons in the store. But her work is so new and novel, so highly specialized, that to those who don't know merchandising she is more or less of a riddle.

A stylist is a kind of fashion scout whose business it is to predict what the mysterious "they" will be wearing a season in advance. While other people are planning

Christmas parties, she must be working out whether next year's summer girl will be wanting a silk or a piqué tennis frock, in exactly what color she will want it and just where the waist line will be. And whether those queer little sports jackets that are having such a vogue at the southern resorts this winter will hold good through the summer or exhaust their popularity before summer arrives up North.

In other words, it is her job to follow the trends of fashion; to know what frills and furbelows will be the rage and which will die an early death.

And her prophecies dare not be guess-work. They must be accurately worked out by detailed calculations which cannot go wrong. It is all part of a highly organized science that is called *charting the fashions*.

Now, what do we mean, charting the fashions?

Let us go back a few years to the days, which many who call themselves still young can remember, before the world became style conscious.

In the days before every household had an automobile or a radio; before news service had become so perfected that all the details of the costume which the Baroness de Courville wore at the ball at Monte Carlo on Monday were known to everyone in Minneapolis and Davenport on Wednesday; when only society leaders made seasonal trips to New York and shop girls and stenographers didn't aspire to dress like Paris mannequins—in other words, before the War, the matter of style or fashion was not of such relentless concern.

Store buyers went to the New York market and bought what was shown them. They bought by eye—haphazardly, choosing the fabrics, colors and designs that were favored by the greatest number of manufacturers. The manufacturers in their turn went to Paris, made



who predict the leading fashions that millions
Carlo to Main Street in the season to come

Illustrations by
Miriam Bartlett

CHARTS *the* FASHIONS

the rounds of the great French dressmakers—Molyneux, Paquin, Patou, Worth—and brought back and copied such models as they hoped might appeal to American women. If they guessed right, their goods would sell. If they did not, they blamed the weather, the crops, the stock market or the peculiar taste of their customers, who couldn't be pleased by anything, however lovely.

To put the matter in a nutshell, there was no centralized guidance for buying, no real harmony of purpose, no system whatever of coordination between manufacturer, storekeeper and public

Fashion was regarded as a whimsical jade whose many moods were without rhyme or reason. She might break out here with a new cut of sleeve, a new skirt length or some new novel color or but no one knew—or tried to find out—the caprices. She was who was kind today who was kind today try to predict next season's styles. Thus it happened that every season a certain type of coat or dress which the merchant hoped might "go over big," hung collecting dust on the racks.

But shortly after the Armistice, a group of smart young business men from university schools of finance—notably the Harvard school of Business Administration—put their heads together to work out a plan to eliminate this haphazard guess work. Fashion, these young men declared, is not a whimsy jade who jumps about quickly at random, first in this direction, then in that. She moves slowly and in cycles. If you watch how the straws are blowing, her movements may be studied, charted and predicted with an accuracy that today is saving manufacturers and buyers thousands of dollars.

The straws that show how the winds of fashion are blowing are the clothes that people are wearing, from fashion leaders to *hoi polloi*. The chain begins, as it has for years, in the brains of the big Paris dressmakers, who have the prestige of European culture plus their

own genius to draw on. These *grands couturiers*, as we call them, turn out their new creations each season and present them to a select coterie of international beauties, society women, popular actresses and the like, who make an exciting business of dress. These women start the fashions. What they reject is banished; it disappears. What they accept they wear at the pleasure resorts of the continent—Deauville, Biarritz, the Riviera, the races at Paris, the winter sports at St. Moritz. The fashion scout, stationed at these strategic points, cables back to her home office descriptions of these costumes while the news is still hot off the griddle. More detailed accounts of them appear in high class magazines and journals that make a science of fashion. And so the information spreads. Soon copies of these costumes appear on the de luxe ocean liners, on Park Avenue, later in larger numbers on Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard, and, before very long, on every Main Street in our land.

It is a far cry from Monte Carlo to the Main Street of our prairie cities, yet certain details of the costume which the Baroness de Courville wore at the midwinter Casino ball eventually will be copied by stylish ladies in Minnesota and Oklahoma. The length of time it takes a style to travel from there to here, varies. It may be a season, it may be a year, but enough time elapses for the manufacturer to produce it in volume and the merchant to sell it at retail.

Sun-basking Italians at the Lido so impressed American tourists that pyjamas escaped from the boudoir into the drawing room all over the United States. The daring health-fans who bared their backs to the Mediterranean sun along the French and Italian Riviera started a vogue for backless, sleeveless frocks that dismayed silk manufacturers and ministers alike. The stylish ladies who clamor for frocks like this may never have been to the Riviera, or even as far as Fifth Avenue, but by reading fashion magazines and the Sunday supplement of their newspaper, they have developed a style consciousness and want the latest wrinkle. The stylist is one cog in a great wheel that makes it possible for them to get it.

Styling is really the science of (Continued on page 51)





We Go to Camp in Holland

Sally Lea, Girl Scout Captain, who went to the International Camp at Ommen with a group of Girl Scouts from Maplewood, New Jersey, tells some of her experiences

OUR thoughts of Holland generally run to wooden shoes, rows of tulips and dykes. We found, when we got there, however, that the wooden shoes are worn only by the peasants and people of Marken and Volendam, although our Dutch friends in camp found them most useful during the steady rain which greeted us each time we emerged from our tents. When we mentioned the story of "Peter at the Dyke" to the Dutch Guides they said that they had never happened to hear of it. The dykes there are embankments gradually rising out of the water and at the top are wide enough for a road and houses to be built. There are broad fields with invisible canals beyond, where occasional sailboats pass slowly by.

There were six in our party and we were thrilled at the prospect of staying for a week at the International Camp and of being the guests of the Dutch Girl Guides for three days after the camp period. Camping in Holland, as in most of Europe, is very different from our camping and is decidedly of the pioneering type. So we looked forward to many new and interesting experiences that lay ahead of us.

Our first day was exciting from the moment when we left our buses at the road to walk the short distance to the site of the camp, until we tumbled into bed that night. Fourteen nations were represented in the few small fields near Ommen where the world camp was located: Australia, South Africa, Java, Canada, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Lithuania and the United States of America. The camp was divided into two groups—English- and German-speaking. When we arrived, the English group came to welcome us and that night we had a lovely international campfire. Each nation was asked to tell about its patrol system and it was interesting to hear the different ways in which countries run their Courts of Honor. Songs were sung in different languages and the American delegates were asked to sing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" with which many of the girls of other countries seemed to be familiar, by name, at least. They seemed to enjoy it very much.

Every Dutch girl in camp had at least one bicycle and one morning we all started off to visit the market at Ommen. It is a picturesque spot where all the peasants of the countryside come with their wares to sell. In one place a pile of various sized wooden shoes and in another bits of bright colored cloth. One old woman, surely ninety years old, rode

her bicycle to market. On her head was the coif of her religious order, and on her feet were heavy wooden shoes.

So very many things happened that there isn't room to tell about them all. One day fifty Dutch Guides dramatized stories for us on the side of a wooded hill. Our farewell campfire was a ceremony long to be remembered by us all. It included the presentation to the camp of a book in which the signatures of all the nations were recorded, and the singing of each country's national anthem.

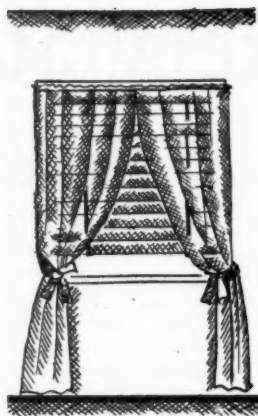
At the close of camp the delegates were the guests of the Netherlands and were given a luncheon and taken on a sightseeing tour of the city of Amsterdam. A dinner was also given at the National Headquarters of the Dutch Guides.

We visited Marken and Volendam, the islands where the men still wear their baggy trousers and the women and children their many little skirts. The little boys dress like the girls until they are nine years old and then they graduate to men's clothing. We went to the Edam cheese market at Alkmaar where the famous cheeses are made and sold, and we went to Holland's capital city, The Hague, too.

Finally we had to say goodbye to all the new friends we had made, and with cherished remembrances of happy times together, we parted with the deep hope that some day we might be fortunate enough to have them come to America and camp with us.

When we left Holland, we still had a great deal of our European trip ahead of us, although the Girl Scouting part of it was over, much to our regret. We had five glorious days in Paris, and a thrilling motor trip through the Swiss Alps where we drove on narrow roads with the mountainside making a straight wall on one side of us, and with a sheer drop (Continued on page 43)





CURTAINS SHOULD BE CRISP

A Tropical Bedroom

—adapted to your summer needs whether in camp, at the seashore, or at home

By ILONKA KARASZ



THE DRESSING-TABLE IS SIMPLE

HOW can your bedroom in a summer cottage, or log cabin, or in your home if you live in a hot climate, be made fresh and cool and livable? Sometimes one is quartered for the summer on a covered balcony, or even in a tent; and sometimes in a house one is given a room that seems to have little charm and few advantages for hot days and nights. The problem is to make it attractive and comfortable and, of course, to have the decorating cost as little as possible. It may be said that in hot weather it is not important to bother with a bedroom because it is scarcely used except at night, but there are bound to be days when it will be nice to read or write in your own room. And even though the bedroom is temporary or little used, it is worth the trouble to make it attractive, if only to see what one can do, or because one wakes up happier in a nicely arranged room.

The tropical countries offer some very practical suggestions for summer decoration, and if one lives near the equator the best of these suggestions can be improved upon. Light-colored clothes are coolest in hot weather, and the same principle applies to the color scheme in decorating the hot weather bedroom. Dark colors in upholstery attract mosquitoes and bugs.

The bedroom walls might be whitewashed, and, although this humble material has not been used much in recent years, it is again becoming very smart in the tropics. It has the advantage of being so cheap that it can be freshly applied every month or so. Choose a light color and it will

prove as pretty as wall paper, and much more practical.

The coolest looking window drapes are made of argentine cloth, which is now used mostly for making clothes bags, but only because few people have been clever enough to make curtains of it. It is nothing but glazed cheesecloth, but the glazing makes it crisp and it glis-

tens almost like ice. It comes in many colors, and should be hung in generous folds and tied back with a perky bow.

For window shades, Venetian blinds are nice, but they are a little expensive, and if one does not live in the tropics the afternoon nap is not necessary and the strong light does not need to be dimmed with blinds.

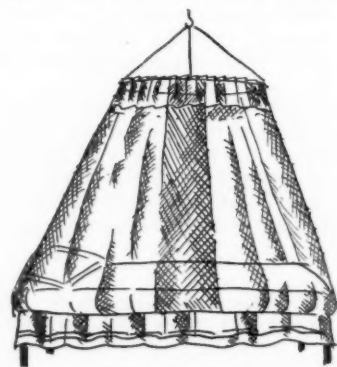
The furniture in the hot weather bedroom should be limited to the necessary pieces: a bed or cot, a table or writing desk, a comfortable chair for reading, a small table for odds and ends and books, and a chest of drawers, if there is a closet for hanging clothes. If there is not, a corner cupboard can be improvised with curtains made of the same material as the bed cover or curtains. A dressing table is not absolutely necessary, but if there is room for it, it is a convenience.

The bed is the largest and most important item, and for making it comfortable in a district where there are mosquitoes or other insects, we ought to go straight to the tropics and bring back the *klamboe* or net canopy. If we live in the South, we will do away with the strange, old-

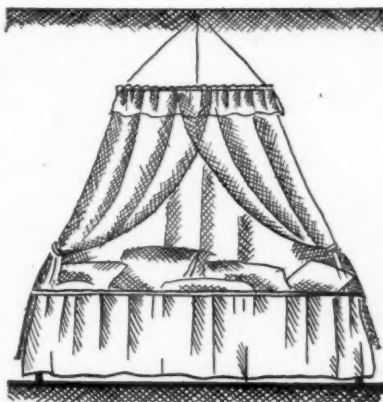
fashioned kind that is as much a part of the tropical scene as the coconut palm. The old-fashioned kind is a four-poster iron bed, heavily draped, with silly lace ruffles around the top and bottom. It makes the bedroom look very funny and fussy.

It is possible, however, to make the *klamboe* canopy over an ordinary bed with a low footboard, or over a modern bed with no footboard at all. This simple kind is the one we will want to use. It is necessary to cover the bed with a thin, light material, to keep mosquitoes out and to let air in, and for this purpose it is best to get tarlatan cloth in some color to harmonize with the bedroom walls. Then a hoop, like a wooden barrel hoop, must be found or made. Since the bed is probably single, the hoop

(Continued on page 51)



THE KLAMBOE IS CLOSED AT NIGHT



IN THE DAYTIME THE KLAMBOE IS TIED BACK



"CORRUGATED" CUSHIONS ARE COOL

By MABEL CLELAND

Mystery at

MARJORIE ROSS, Gloria Vanderpool and Mary Hopkins had a very informal introduction to each other on the train going to Shadylawn, a select boarding school which they were all entering for the first time. And, strange to say, the supercilious, wealthy and beautiful Gloria; gay, talkative, frank Marjorie; and shy, pretty little Mary Hopkins were assigned together as roommates.

They had two charming rooms, one for sitting, one for sleeping. While Gloria and Marjorie took lovely things out of their trunk to brighten up the room, Mary looked on unhappily. She had brought nothing of the sort along, for it had been a struggle for Aunt Peggy back in Elmsford, Kansas, to outfit her with a pink crocheted wrapper, flannel nightgowns and enough cotton underwear for the year at school.

Just as every last bit of dainty underwear belonging to Gloria and Marjorie had been put away and Gloria had given the last chair its correct angle, the door burst open and three strange girls stood on the threshold. They introduced themselves as the girls who had occupied those very rooms last year, and they seemed to have a lot to tell.

"We room across the hall," the tallest girl, Vivian Grant, said. "We had your rooms last year, but—" then she had broken off and Marjorie had noticed a slight shiver pass over her.

"But what?" demanded Marjorie.

"There's something mysterious about these rooms," Margaret Howes, another of the trio, said shortly. "Not haunted, but—"

"But everyone who has had them has had dreadful things happen to her. I guess you'd call it a sort of curse!" Sarah Pugh had informed them in a low, mysterious voice.

Gloria had become very pale. She leaned forward.

"Just what happened to you three?" she asked tensely.

CHAPTER II

"I'm so unhappy and have been so unhappy in this room that I can hardly bear to stay here," Margaret Howes said in a nerve tightened voice. She got to her feet and Marjorie quickly sprang to her side.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "Don't stay if you'd rather not."

"I think I will go," Margaret said and left the room. The two remaining girls looked at each other and got to their feet as though they'd have liked to leave, too.

"It's brought it all back to her," Sarah Pugh tried to explain.

"What back? Can't you tell us?" Gloria demanded.

"I really think we ought to, Sarah," Vivian Grant said, her black eyebrows brought together in a heavy frown. "We started something and it isn't fair not to finish it."

She dropped back in her chair again and the others sat down, too.

"There is a curse or something in this room—no, not a ghost—" She caught Gloria's dilated eyes and shook her head impatiently. "It's nothing anyone can put one's hand on. But whoever has this room has something terrible happen to her. Margaret Howes' twin brother died last year when she was here. She loved him better than anyone in the world, and she's never been the same since."

"Oh, poor darling," Marjorie said. "That accounts for that terribly tragic look in her face. I'm so sorry. Don't tell us any more if it bothers you."

"No, I've gone this far," Vivian said, and they saw her chin stiffen as though she were calling on her will to see her through this painful ordeal. "I fell last year and hurt the end of my spine. The doctors say it



"OF COURSE, DARLING. LET'S NOT SUCH A LOW VOICE THAT THE THREE

Shadylawn

Illustrations by Edward Poucher

will never be right again and I've got to be careful all the rest of my life. I loved swimming and skating and tennis, but I can't do any of them any more—"

There was only pale little Sarah Pugh to be accounted for now. But Mary thought she ought to be saved.

"Don't make them tell any more," Mary begged, jumping to her feet and facing Marjorie and Gloria. "It's too dreadful." She was shaken out of herself.

"I'll tell you what happened to me," Sarah Pugh said. "I really don't mind. It isn't so bad as what happened to Margaret and Vivian, but it's not nice. My father lost all his money last year—every single cent. I'm here as a charity pupil. Madame Brunnell wanted me to come back and finish here. I graduate this year."

Marjorie sat up very straight and her cheeks were flushed with what she had to say.

"I can't see why you blame this room for your troubles," she said practically. "After all, any or all of these things might have happened to any of you when you were a million miles away from Shadylawn and this particular room."

"No," Sarah Pugh almost snapped. "It's happened too often for it to be insignificant."

"Do you know what happened to the girls who had it before you did?" Gloria demanded.

"Nobody knows what really happened. They suddenly went home—all three of them—and their parents wrote and said they wouldn't be back. They all lived out West, so nobody ever saw them again to ask what made them go home," Vivian explained.

"Just a case of good, plain homesickness, if you ask me," Marjorie said. "That might happen to any of us, too."

Even little Mary Hopkins looked at her with reproachful eyes and Marjorie flushed as she stammered.

"You all *want* to believe there is something! I can see that. You're going to get your minds all made up to have something happen and you'll be on the lookout for it!"

But the girls all turned from her and she stood alone in the center of the room, her cheeks flushed and her fists clenched. She looked from one girl to another but found no friendliness in their eyes. She dropped down into her vacated chair again. The talk drifted to other things. But the shadow of the curse hung over everything and the gayety and charm of the room seemed to have disappeared.

Suddenly a commotion in the hall made them all get to their feet. Marjorie flung wide the door, the hall

was filled with girls. Vivian and Sarah Pugh got to their feet.

"You'd better hurry," they said as they made for the door. "You choose your seats in the dining room tonight and you may get stuck at Miss Hunter's table. She's a mess and terribly strict. Try and get at Miss Harrigan's table. She's the best liked person in the school!"

"Wait until I've washed my hands," Marjorie begged and flew into the bathroom. Gloria looked down at her dress. It was crumpled from her trip and from the work she had been doing but there seemed no time to change it now. She went to the bureau and dabbed some powder on her nose.

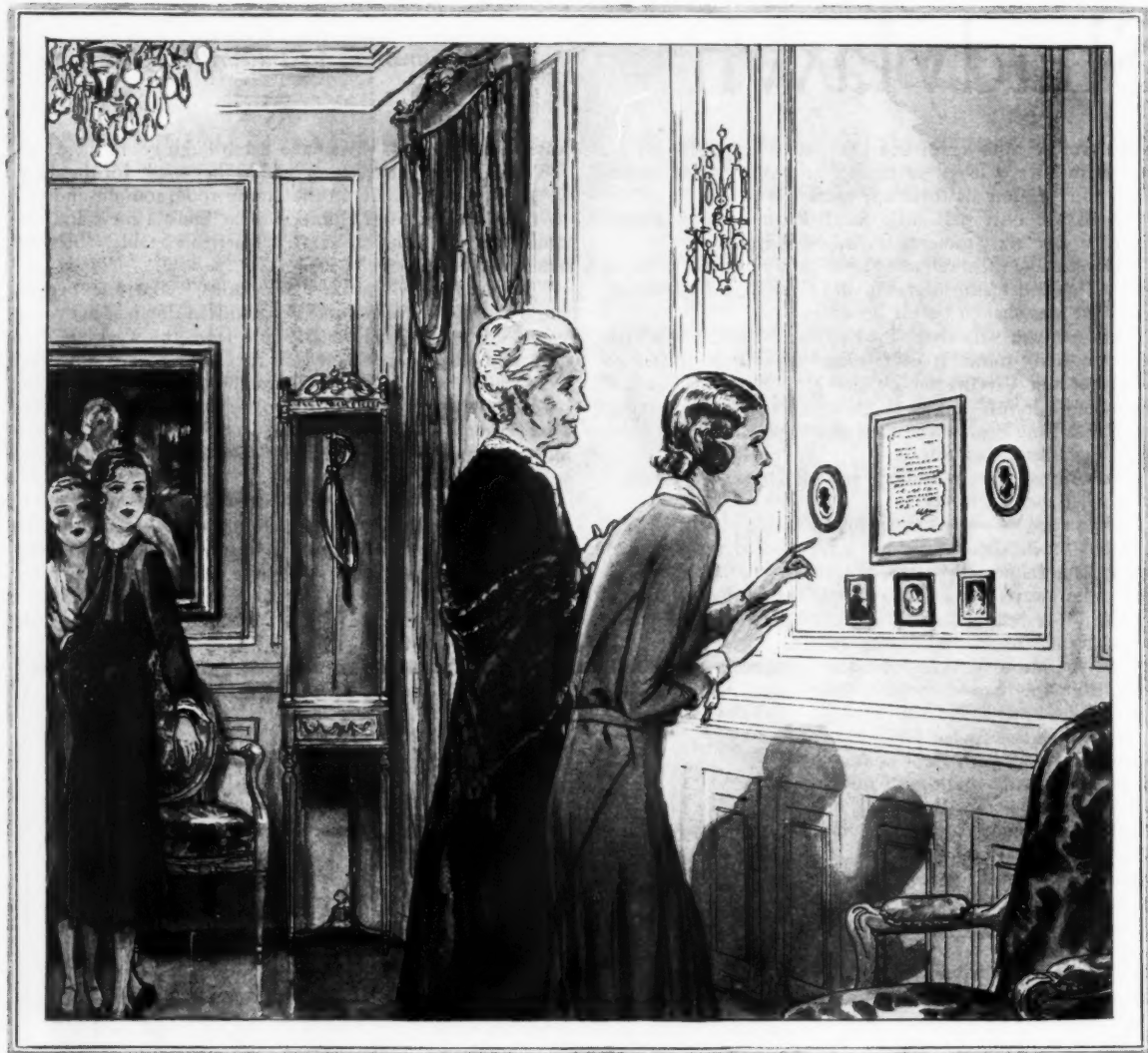
"I felt queer when I first crossed the threshold of this room," she said as she peered at her lovely face in the mirror. "There were little thrills running up and down my spine."

"There were little thrills running up and down my spine, too," Marjorie said stoutly, coming out of the bathroom and standing in the doorway drying her hands. "But they were thrills of pure delight because I'd never seen a nicer room in all my life. Why, it's so gay looking and lovely."

"I'm supposed to be psychic," Gloria answered a little



QUARREL ABOUT IT." HE SPOKE IN GIRLS COULD SCARCELY HEAR HIM



"THIS IS A RARE THING!" GLORIA EXCLAIMED, POINTING TO A FADED, FRAMED LETTER. "MY FATHER WOULD GIVE HIS EARS TO HAVE IT"

proudly. "Once I had my fortune told and the man said I had psychic eyes that were extremely sensitive to things around me."

"Do come along," Marjorie said, fluffing out her hair before the mirror as she spoke and then grabbing Mary's hand in hers and practically dragging her from the room. Gloria followed more slowly.

When they reached the dining hall, they stood on the threshold for a minute and looked around them.

The dining room had once been the banquet hall of the old house and it held twelve tables easily. There were eight girls and a teacher at each table. It wasn't hard to pick out the popular Miss Harrigan, for there were at least a dozen girls clustered around her begging for seats at her table.

"She's certainly pretty," Gloria said and Marjorie and Mary nodded.

And she was, too. She was a tall, slender young woman of twenty-four, with Irish eyes set in dark lashes, and waving brown hair with red lights in it. She wore it caught back in a loose knot at the back of her neck. She had a jolly smile and lovely teeth and she wore her simple dark frock as though it had been a robe of satin. She certainly was attractive.

Suddenly the chattering ceased. It was as though the girls had been struck dumb, for there wasn't the slightest giggle

or whisper to be heard anywhere. Marjorie, looking around her in surprise, immediately saw the reason for the silence.

A man stood in the doorway. He was tall and slender and very good looking with dark brown hair and eyes and a small, dark moustache. He strode across the room and stood behind a chair at a table directly across from Miss Harrigan's. She, by the way, seemed the only person in the room who had not been affected by his entrance. But then Marjorie reasoned, Miss Harrigan was apparently so used to having people make a fuss over her that one man wouldn't make a dent, even though he was one of the nicest looking men Marjorie had ever seen.

"Let's go and sit with Miss Bowen," Mary Hopkins suggested, and Marjorie and Gloria followed her across the beautifully polished floor. Miss Harrigan's table was already filled, as was the man's, and a row of eager girls' faces looked gleefully at him as he stood behind his chair, waiting until everyone else was seated.

There were three other men teachers scattered about the room, but they were all rather short, thin little wisps of manhood, looking, for the most part, rather timid, and couldn't be compared with the handsome one.

"Who is the handsome man?" Gloria managed to whisper to the girl on her right when they were seated. The girl looked around at her and smiled. (Continued on page 44)

From Far Places to You

AS SOON as you begin going about a bit you are impressed by the great internationalism of good looks. There are beautiful girls and women everywhere, you find, though standards vary from time to time and place to place. But perhaps one of the most fascinating facts you discover, if you look into it, is that beauty is not only an aim but a business all over the world.

The great cosmetic industry which now ranks with food and motor cars in volume, is not, as one might suppose, a product just of Paris or even of New York. It's a great international business, drawing its raw materials as well as its customers from every remote corner of the globe.

Rare oils and spices which used to fare by laborious caravan from mysterious far-off places still come, though modern life has substituted railroads, motor cars or airplanes now.

If you buy perfume, for example, you may be buying roses from Bulgaria, lavender from Spain or Italy, jasmine or violets from southern France. Bergamot oil, which is used in the manufacture of *eau de Cologne*, comes from Italy and southern France. Vanilla, which sounds like something to eat but which is also used extensively in perfume manufacture, comes from the fatty substance of the vanilla bean in South America and other tropical countries.

Various animal substances most unpleasant to smell in their natural state are used in dilute form in perfumes as so-called fixatives. Among them are civet, possibly from Africa, castor from Canada, ambergris from the seacoasts of South America, Africa or India, and musk from the mountains of India.

Curiously enough some of the odors that we know by the names of a particular flower are really combinations of several quite different flower odors or in some instances have never even seen a garden. A most remarkable advance in the perfume business has come through the discovery by chemists of what can be done in the laboratory in the way of manufacturing artificial chemical substitutes for flower odors.

One of the great sources of synthetic perfume is coal tar, an apparently unromantic, home-grown product which can, I assure you, be made to smell much better than you would

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

ever believe could be possible.

Among the flower odors which are successfully "manufactured" are violet, heliotrope, rose, lilac, lily-of-the-valley, gardenia, jasmine, narcissus and hyacinth. Sometimes a little of the so-called synthetic is used with natural flower odors and in some instances the whole blend is built up artificially to the complete satisfaction of the nose. The manufacturing perfumer is probably at his best when he blends, drawing at will from the entire assortment of vegetable and animal substances and artificial substitutes.

Most of the cleansing oils and creams which are now so popular are built on a mineral oil base, a sister product to the gasoline that runs your car. Pennsylvania is the greatest source for this. Another allied material, paraffin, is used in the manufacture of cold creams. Still another is vaseline. Real beeswax is used in cold creams, too. Olive oil—from Italy or California—cocoanut oil, castor oil and almond oil—all vegetable products—are variously used in shampoos, body oils and face creams.

Benzoin, a resin from Borneo, Sumatra and Java, is considered of great benefit to the skin. Talc, which has practically universal use as a comfort and beautifier, is of equally widespread origin. The best talc, they say, comes from Sicily. But it may also come from many other places, including the south of Italy, France, Austria, Canada or California.

We follow tradition and speak of English lavender,

Spanish castile soap, German *eau de Cologne*, oriental perfumes and so forth, but we are not always literally correct. Raw materials do not always come from the place in which they have made their reputation, and manufacturing is often done elsewhere too. France is very actively engaged in the business, and some of the most famous perfumes and face powders are French made. Since there are so many consumers of French perfume here in the United States, many perfume companies have found it cheaper to do only one half their work in France and the other in America, manufacturing in their chemical laboratories abroad the concentrated perfume essences and doing the actual bottling and distributing here. The great bulk of the manufacturing of toilet preparations, however, especially soap and face creams, takes place in the United States.



Illustration by
Katherine
Shane
Bushnell

ROMANTIC SPAIN CONTRIBUTES LAVENDER TO YOUR DRESSING-TABLE

A Whole W



(TOP) THESE BRITISH GIRL GUIDES SEEM TO ENJOY PARING VEGETABLES FOR THEIR OUTDOOR MEAL



CANADIAN GIRL GUIDES ROLL THEIR TENTS AFTER A WEEK-END TRIP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA (SECOND, ABOVE)



"A WATCHED KETTLE NEVER COOLS" SEEMS SO TO THESE DUTCH GIRLS AS THEY COOK FOR A HOT LUNCH AFTER A DAY OF ADVENTURE

PORTUGAL HAS GIRL GUIDES TOO. ONE OF THEM APPEARS AT THE RALLY OF THE YOUNGER GIRLS LINE



THESE SMILING GIRLS LIVE IN INDIA



CASPAR, WYOMING GIRL SCOUTS REPRESENTED GIRLS OF ALL NATIONS



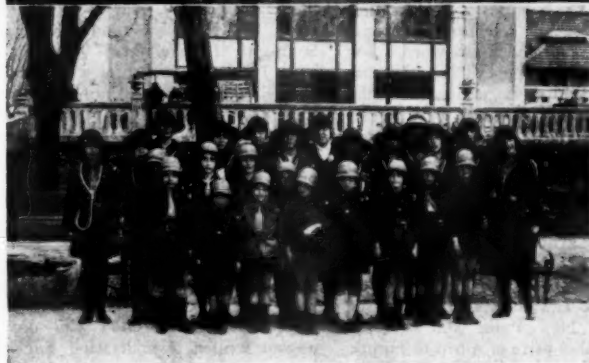
THE HUNGARIAN GUIDES LOVE CAMPS

World of Girls

Girls and the things they do are growing more important every year all around the world, and they are growing more interested in one another, too, whether they live in the tropics or the frozen north



THERE IS NOTHING MORE EXHILARATING THAN A LONG SWOOP DOWN A MOUNTAIN ON A WINTER MORNING, SAYS THIS SWISS GIRL (ABOVE)



(ABOVE, LEFT) THE AMERICA TO THE SOUTH OF US HAS GIRL GUIDES. HERE ARE SOME OF THEM AT A GATHERING IN SANTIAGO, CHILE



GERMAN GIRLS GET READY FOR DINNER

ALL NATIONS IN FOLK SONGS AND DANCES IN A HUGE INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT





FRENCH GIRLS DON
ALSATIAN DRESS

Our International

ago when the Girl Scouts' World Conference was in our land, the most of the nations acknowledged its prettiness. It consists of a dark brown skirt," she says, "and our blouses are light brown but sometimes nearly white from the washing, our necktie is brown and we wear our 'attendance lines' on our collars. These lines are by the little ones brown, by the Girl Scouts silver, and by the leaders gold. Our hat is brown and big and ever so funny. It's awfully warm so I think we will have a new one now. We big girls wear our pins on our hats."

tion contest, writes of meeting foreign students at the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva: "I think the most enthusiastic of the onlookers at the Assembly were the students. About three hundred of them, from twenty different countries, were in Geneva to observe the Assembly and to attend the Fifth International Summer School on the League of Nations. It was a fine experience to meet and talk with young people from England, Scotland, Wales, China, and India."

"I explored the old part of Geneva all by myself, finding St. Pierre's Cathedral, where John Calvin used to preach; the *Hôtel de Ville* or City Hall where the Red Cross was founded; the impressive monument of the Reformation; and a number of other interesting places. I was fascinated by this section of Geneva, with its narrow, hilly streets. A trip to the glacier, *La Mer de Glace*, a bit of mountain climbing, lectures, and the theater, were some of the other things that made my stay so very happy."

WE'VE dipped into the International Mailbag again this March and found the most interesting letters from and about Girl Scouts and Girl Guides in all sorts of places. But before we start on the letters, let's send out greetings to all of the girls in foreign lands and salute Girl Scouts and Girl Guides of all the rest of the world.

Including Hungary—from which Janet Alexander of Brookline, Massachusetts sends us a letter written by Nellie Kolses, a Girl Scout of Budapest. Nellie sends a description of her Girl Scout uniform and hopes "you find it also pretty, as two years

Girl Guides in Zululand *They have a strange award*

The highest award a British Girl Guide can get is a silver fish. And there are silver fish as far away from England as Zululand, South Africa—indeed, wherever there are British Guides. Kathleen Dowson of Eshowe, Zululand tells that the fish is worn round the neck under the uniform coat lapels on a ribbon. She says in a letter to Captain Carrie F. Van Nostrand of Queens Village, Long Island: "The silver fish is awarded only for excellent service rendered by a Guide to the whole movement; it has to be applied for from London Headquarters without the knowledge of the Guide concerned. A silver fish was chosen because in Japan a doll is hung outside a house when a girl baby is born, and a fish when a boy baby is born. The doll indicates that the new baby is 'useless' and the fish that the baby will be a useful citizen and will, like a fish, battle hard for a living. So, as the Guides should be useful citizens, a silver fish was chosen as the highest award."

Exploring Geneva

A Buffalo Girl Scout tells about it

Esther Lawrence, a Girl Scout of Buffalo, New York, who won the high school prize of a trip to Europe in the League of Nations Associa-

A Letter from Norway—

Girl Scouts there have good times

Diana Young of Brooklyn, New York has an interesting correspondent in Braathen, Norway. Her name is Turit Refsum. In her first letter to Diana you will be interested in what she has to say about the Girl Scouts of Norway, and the uniform they wear: "It was very funny that you are Scout-girl, I have three years Scout-girl been. I am commander for a troop on fourteen girls, but it should not were so many, they will not divide. Our dress is yellow brown, with blue petticoat. We have cap, not hat do you wear. We have many amusement, and many trips. We have two divisions, little Scout-girls, and Scout-girls. Now we have winter, and soon come the snow, I hope. I like to run snow-skate, and to skating, it is very funny. For the summer I like to bathe and I can swim and fall, and I like very much to bicycle, I play often tennis. Can't you not Norwegian written, I understand English but I can't written, I am so stupid in that. We



HERE IS A CORNER—THE OUTDOOR DINING ROOM—OF AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL GUIDE CAMP WHERE CAMPERS GATHER THREE TIMES A DAY TO EAT AND CHAT TOGETHER

THESE SCOTTISH GIRL GUIDES CHOSE THIS LOVELY SPOT—A PARAPET OF EDINBURGH CASTLE—AT WHICH TO REST AFTER ONE OF THEIR BRISK EARLY SPRING HIKES



Mail Bag

*Illustrated with
foreign photographs*

learn only English and German in the school, but English is much more difficult."

News about Kashmir *It's a city in Central India*

Frenie A. Dadabhoi, a Persian Girl Guide living in Inhow, Central India, has sent us some interesting details of life there. She writes of Kashmir: "It is a picturesque city in the very north of India, and is known as the Venice of the East. Here the people live in boat-houses. Its nation is the handsomest race I have ever come across. They are well built, tall and mountain-loving, with a very fair complexion, golden hair and blue eyes or jet black hair and large, inky eyes which makes a most perfect contrast with their skin. Their ruler is not called 'King' but 'Raja.' He is forever trying to improve his state."

Hiking in Switzerland— *There are plenty of thrills there*

Mademoiselle Yvonne Achard tells about mountain hiking in Switzerland. Dating her letter from Falleralp Camp in July, she writes: "Two A. M. Everyone is up, getting ready. There are only seven of us for this outing. We are feeling very proud. Three A. M. Our leader has a good look around. All stars are out and she can just manage to see whether we are in good form, if our boots are right, if the grease is sufficient on our faces. We take sun glasses and some food of sorts to nibble on the way, dried prunes, bread and butter, etc. But here, the guides are coming; let's start. Going up hill is a slow business. After awhile we get higher than the last trees. How lovely to walk in this early hour. The path dwindles. We are on the glacier. How cold it is. The climbing is supposed to last four hours. There, far away, outlined on the sky, is the hut. Those huts belong to the Swiss Alpine Club. They are built, as a rule, above a glacier at the foot of a peak. Many lives have been spared to lost excursionists who just managed as far as the hut, from where rescue parties were

able to start for a search. It is still dawn; the walking not tiring, and the ice feels hard under one's foot. There is not a long stretch left; we shall soon be there. The last bit is hard work; the snow comes up to our knees. How high we are. The view is lovely; all round there is nothing but white peaks, glaciers, and below, right down, the long valley looking all blue. After a rest we go down again. It is quite different but somehow easier. The sun's rays have changed the aspect of the glacier. Crevices have changed places and size. We have had a new experience. We know what a glacier is."

Folk Dancing in Lanarkshire *Rangers are adept at it*

Winifred L. Palmer of Troop Three, Quincy, Massachusetts knows how a Scottish Ranger, as the older Girl Guides of Scotland are called, feels. She has corresponded with a Ranger in Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, Scotland for the last five years. "My best piece of news," she writes to Winifred in one letter, "is about the open air rally of the Lanarkshire Girl Guides. It was on June tenth when the Chief Guide was visiting Hamilton—she was touring most of the important Scottish cities at the time. Of course the captain, being one of the Lanarkshire commissioners, was one of the chief organizers. After the Brownies had formed a Magic Maze around the Chief Guide and given an extra special Grand Howl, the Guides had the March Past. The Chief Guide stood on a special stand while all the companies in turn marched past. This part took almost two hours—think of that! Poor Chief Guide standing at the salute all that time. Then the companies departed to their allotted stances to await the 'private' visit of the Chief, and when she arrived they each did a special stunt. Our Ranger company demonstrated some English country dances which evidently have been very much admired. Then after the private stunts, representatives



A NORWEGIAN GIRL
GUIDE GREET'S YOU

from all companies took part in a demonstration of *The Dashing White Sergeant*, a Scottish country dance. The effect was rather wonderful and brought the rally to a close."

A Lonesome Girl Scout— *She finds no troops in Japan*

Lily Okumurs writes to the Girl Scouts of the Sequoia Troop in San Diego, California. Lily was a Girl Scout in California and misses the fun she had there, now that she is back in (Continued on page 50)



THIS PICTURESQUE STREET IN THE OLD SECTION OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND WAS CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA OF A BUFFALO GIRL SCOUT WHOSE STORY APPEARS ABOVE



THE CEREMONY WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE OPENING OF THE GIRL GUIDE BUILDING IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA, SOUTH AFRICA INSPIRED ALL WHO ATTENDED IT



(Continued from page 21)

go against his wife, hopeful, perhaps, that the baby would die and end the trouble.

At last the village had risen against him and gone to the chief, his father, who had sided with the people and called on the witch doctor for a dance of his strongest magic to find out from the spirits what should be the fate of the child.

"They ask now how to kill it," the gun boy reported.

They were afraid to throw it into the river, without consulting the spirits, for fear the strange being might change the waters of the river. Perhaps the spirits would tell them to leave it in a bush to the prowling leopards. Perhaps they would be told to bury it alive, in the deep, red soil.

The sorcerer was asking the way now, working himself up to greater and greater excitement. Very soon the sign would come. When the sun sank down, the sign would come.

"They are surely going to kill it?" asked Mother, very softly, so Alice would not hear. "Oh, yes," said the boy earnestly. "It is no good, *Memsahib*. Must make dead so people can live."

Mother looked at Father. "There's nothing in the world that we can do," he said grimly. "If we try to interfere with that mob of lunatics, we'll have them on us like a swarm of hornets. Remember that this is their religion, ingrained in their very souls."

"But we have guns—"

Mother's voice sounded resolute, but her heart was hammering. After all, they were responsible for the lives of their own party, the camp boys and the porters whom they had brought with them into this wild forest, and it was madness to set the village against them.

"Yes, we have guns," said Father. "We could make a demonstration, threaten to send word back to Mboga, twelve days away by runner, where there is a white man. But we couldn't change anything. We might stop their doing anything while we are here, if we terrify them enough and I doubt if we could. But when we go, as we will have to tomorrow, they'll bury the baby the moment we are out of sight."

And though Mother's heart rebelled she knew he was speaking the truth.

"Can't we pay them?" she urged.

"To go against their consciences? You know they *believe* they are doing right," Father reminded her. "And they would never go against their fears. They believe that this child is evil and will bring evil."

"Don't let Alice hear," Mother cautioned.

And then Alice said suddenly, "Oh, Mummy, look—there's a little *white* baby!"

They had been pushed out to the edge of the crowd by now, and at one side before

them near the entrance to a large hut, they saw a little figure sitting on the ground.

It was the figure of a young woman, hardly more than a girl of fifteen or sixteen, young and slender, pathetically drooping, the small, close-cropped head bending low. There was something sad and desolate in the lines of her body and the sad drooping of that dark head. Alice's words made them realize what was in the girl's lap.

It was a tiny baby, a fat, chubby little thing, only a few weeks old, but big for its age as African babies are. But, unlike other African babies, this little thing had a skin the color of pale grayish chamois skin and the top of its fuzzy little head was a gleam of queer, reddish hair.

"It's a *white* baby," Alice was excited.

"It's an albino," her mother told her.

"That is, a child born without the usual coloring matter in its skin. We have them in America—sometimes they have pink eyes, like bunnies, and white hair."

"Do they happen very often?"

"Oh, dear no."

"Are they beating the drums because they are so glad they have one now?"

Mother hesitated. "No—"

"But I heard the boys say the *ngoma* was about the baby."

"Well, perhaps it is," said Mother hastily. "Now suppose we go back and see if the porters have got our tents up."

"But I want to see the *ngoma*—"

"You've seen lots of *ngomas*. I want you to help sort out the boxes, and Daddy has to see about having the chief send in bananas enough for the porters' supper and—"

"Why is your voice so sorry?" said Alice quickly. "Are you worried for fear the chief won't get us bananas when he is having a dance?"

Mother said that she was.

"Let's wait till Daddy talks to the chief."

I want to watch the witch dance, Mummy. Look, look, how he's leaping!"

The dance was whirling to a climax of hysteria. Higher and higher that white-streaked, jangling figure sprang and spun; wilder and wilder crashed the heavy drums; the chant of voices, like a surging sea, rose louder and louder, heavy with fear and insistent for a sign from the magic powers.

The sun was almost level with the edge of the forest trees. Its last rays fell like shafts of leveled spears across the clearing. Strange to see, the sun rays fell in an unwonted red brilliance on the trees to the west, so that the tall trunks shone like copper and the leaves looked bathed in blood.

Blood—the color of blood. In a moment, Mother thought, those fear-maddened people would take it for a sign and drive their knives into that helpless little body.

And there, impassive-seeming in her helplessness, that pitiful drooping figure sat waiting, clasping her baby for the last time.

A dreadful fear was clutching at Mother's heart. She saw Father talking hard to the chief who was pretending not to understand. He would not dare go against his people now.

A mad thought of drawing her revolver and standing before that baby stirred in her. But there was her own child to consider. And she had no right to interfere.

No, she was helpless. She could do nothing.

And then, as the red light sank lower

and lower and the wild cries rose like an engulfing sea about her terrified ears, she saw Alice running forward in the light of the setting sun.

Straight to the lonely little figure before the hut she ran, and stooped down to the baby on her lap. Startled, the little mother shrank, but Alice, with quick gentleness, patted the baby's bare shoulder, then pointed from the baby to herself.

"White," she said in Swahili, laughing, "White—*nomine hi*—like this—like me."

And then, impulsively, she unfastened something from her neck—a little charm of ivory a medicine man had given her at another village back in the forest—carried it over to the white baby and put it around its throat.

"I want to give something to the white baby, Mummy," she called.

The drums stopped. The ghastly figure of the sorcerer stood rigid in attention. The swaying bodies stiffened in surprise.

For the first time the crowd was conscious of the presence of this strange child of the white people in their midst, the first white child that they had ever seen.

They stood staring at the child, the white skin, the amazing yellow curls. Utterly assured, innocent of all menace, the white visitor smiled and laughed at the baby.

And then suddenly the medicine man flung out his tense, fur-draped arms with a jangle of bones and bells, and called out in his unknown tongue rapid whistling words.

The sign had come. In the last rays of the sun. A child of white skin had greeted the strange baby in their village as a fellow. She had made gifts to it.

It was a good spirit. The white skin was emblem of protection against the danger of days to come. It was a sign of power, of the dominant race—the *Wazungu*.

Presents must be given to the baby. It must be cared for, shielded from harm.

Little by little the whites pieced this out in Swahili, the inter-tribal vernacular, from the words of their interpreting boys. Their first alarm, when the crowd had turned to the two children, changed to amazed gladness. Speechless with relief, Mother stood watching the little African mother's arms tighten about her child, while Alice made her way quickly back to her mother's side.

"You didn't mind my giving my ivory to that white baby, did you, Mummy?" Alice wanted to know now, a little anxiously.

"I'm glad you did," was all Mother could find to say.

And all unknowing of the tragedy she had averted and of the sign from the spirit world that her small, khaki-clad white person was supposed to be, the young traveler trotted away to put her doll to bed.



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AAA	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
AA	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
A	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
B	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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(Continued from page 18)

roof and rapped sharply with his icy knuckles upon the frozen windows. Sunja was glad that the turf roof was anchored on with rocks and driftwood, or it must surely have been carried away and been dumped into the sea.

Sunja was just speculating upon the depth of the snow without when she fell asleep and forgot about wind and sea and storm.

The gray of morning was streaking the frosted windows when Skuga became weary of the snores and puffings of the sleeping household. He got on top of Sunja's head and awakened her. At the foot of Sunja's bed lay her red woolen stockings. She reached out for them and pulled them on under the coverlet. Then she slipped four petticoats over her head, one after the other, then the top dress. That done she swung herself over the edge of the bed and pushed her feet into wool-lined shoes. Everything was strangely quiet this morning, thought Sunja. The storm had surely subsided in a hurry.

It was but a little while until she had a fire roaring upon the hearth and had hung the kettle to boil. The fire snapped and crackled. By now Hilda poked her head out of her alcove, also. "You are up early this morning, Sunja," said she.

"Yes," replied the daughter. "I want to see how deep the snow is." With that she drew the latch and pushed against the door. It did not budge. Then she threw her entire weight against it. It opened about two inches—just enough so that Sunja could peep out.

"Why, Mother," she cried, "we are snowed in!"

"Snowed in!" echoed the mother.

"Yes, the snow is piled against the door so firmly I cannot open it!"

Without waiting to dress, Hilda leaped from the bed and ran over to help Sunja push against the door, but push and puff as they might, the door would not open.

"Let us try the windows," suggested Sunja. The snow was packed above them, also. "Surely every window is not blocked."

With that, Sunja tried the south window. She pushed it up as far as she could.

"Mother, give me the broom," she cried. By pushing as hard as she could with the broom, she could force the snow back. Soon she was outside, and the fury of the storm broke upon her. The wind tore at her hair and lashed her face until she could scarcely see at all. She turned her back to the gale and floundered backwards through the snow. The drifts lay even with the gables. As far as she could see in any direction, there was nothing but snow; to the east lay the raging sea, shaking its frosty mane at the sky.

Sunja took these facts in at a glance. "And ten mouths to feed!" she groaned. She battled her way through the drifts until she came to the shed where the goat was kept. She tried to get the door open, but could not. "I must try to get into the shed and get hold of the shovel," Sunja said out loud. Since the door of the shed faced the south, it was on the leeward side; so Sunja soon found the shovel, and before long she shoveled away down to the door of the goat shed. The goat came to meet her and immediately started consuming her top skirt to assure her how hungry she was.

"Drip! You crazy thing!" cried Sunja. "Don't you know better than to eat people's clothes right off their limbs?"

It was evident Dripa did not, for she merely shook her head and looked offended. Sunja went to the high crib at the end of the shed and brought back an armful of birch-leaves. She heaved them at the goat, who lost no time in consuming them. Then she struggled through the snow back to the window once more.

"Mother, give me the bucket and I will milk the goat." Out came the bucket through the window, as well as the red head shawl. "Foolish girl to go out without the head shawl," reproved Hilda. "Put it on before you freeze your ears off!"

Sunja needed no urging, for the wind seemed to be blowing a hole right through her head.

She milked the goat. Then she brought in some more peat. That done, she started shoveling a path to the door, but it filled in almost as fast as she could dig it; so

she made up her mind to leave off shoveling until the wind died down. She thought of her snares and traps, how they lay buried under the snow, and she wondered if she would ever see them again. Then, too, she wondered how long the storm would last. Besides the goat, there were nine hungry mouths to feed!

After swallowing a little codfish and a piece of dry black bread dipped in black coffee, she declared she had had enough. She had not eaten all of her fish. The extra amount

Skuga

she smuggled under the table and gave to the otter, who always sat near her when she was eating, hoping for bits.

"I am going to take the skis and go down to the sea," said Sunja. "There may be something in the traps after all."

"Not today, Sunja," said the mother. "You won't be able to find so much as a frozen herring today."

"It won't hurt to go down and have a look at the sea," replied Sunja.

"If the houses are all drifted over with snow, how are you going to find your way back, Sunja?" questioned Hilda.

She had not thought about that.

"Oh, I know what I will do!" cried she. "The pole we use for drying the codfish in the winter is empty now. I will fetch it and put it on the roof top." Which she did, and before long she had her mother's great shawl tied about her, knotted in the back, and was traveling with the wind over the drifted snow down to the sea.

She finally reached the water. The salty spray smote her face and tingled with the crystals of ice in it. The ocean roared and snapped and boomed, but what was more terrifying of all were the ice fields which lay like broken mountains of white between the land and the black water.

Fear clutched at Sunja's heart as she saw this. All access to the ocean and food was now cut off, and after the long winter there was so little left in the house to eat! What if these icebergs should lay there for weeks! She battled back against the winds. When she finally reached the hut again, she said nothing to her mother about what she had seen at the sea. It was enough that she knew!

Five days of wind and snow passed by. Then everything became calm and so cold the very snow-drifts seemed to snap and crackle with the frost. In the distance the ocean bayed, and the icebergs crashed against each other and shook the earth. Sunja feared the day when her mother would say, "Sunja, there is no fish left, and scarcely anything else. You must go down to the sea and try to get something!"

But the day came, as all dreaded days will come, and Sunja could not tell her mother the truth; so she took hook and line and bait with her, and some new snares.

In the night new icebergs had floated down. Along the shore now lay a quaking mass of ice grinding at the rocks along the shore. But she must get food for the children. She stepped out upon an ice block. It quivered and moved. Quickly she sprang back again. Up and down the shore she went, but it was the same all along.

It was no use, she knew that, even as



It took a whole English dormitory to tame O'Norah—

she had known it before she set out. She could get no fish today. Along the sheltered parts of the rocks she set a few snares, but she had little hope.

After the snares were set, she returned to the hut again. Skuga came gliding over the snow to meet her, making a little whining sound as if complaining because he had been left behind.

"I am sorry that I forgot you," Sunja assured him. "Tomorrow you shall go with me, though, so do not cry."

"Did you get nothing today?" the mother cried in despair when she saw Sunja.

"Nothing, Mother."

"Whatever will we do! There is only a handful of flour left, and the goat is giving scarcely any milk!"

"Do not worry, Mother. I set the snares and there will be sure to be something in them by morning," replied Sunja. But she knew that in all likelihood there would be not so much as a fish head to nibble at!

When morning came Sunja tumbled out of bed early, but the mother was already sitting before the fire spinning.

She dressed hurriedly, put on her head shawl and hurried out to the goat's shed. This morning the goat gave just enough milk for the coffee. Poor goat! It was a wonder she did not freeze to death!

"Is that all the milk you got this morning?" cried the mother when she saw the wee bit in the bucket. "If you don't get any fish or game today, you will have to kill Skuga. I can't let the children starve as long as there is anything edible about."

Sunja said not a word. Her heart sank as she tied the shawl about her. The mother sat by the fire spinning grimly, never taking her eyes from the thread. She lifted Skuga to her back; then taking her skis and staff, she stole out of the cottage.

"Poor Skuga," said Sunja, stroking the otter with her red mittens. "I got some black coffee for breakfast, but you did not even get that. Tomorrow you may be past needing breakfast."

The otter, however, did not seem at all downcast.

The ice was still piled up as firmly along the shore as on the previous day. It rocked and groaned and quivered.

"If all that ice were only out of the bay, or if it were only frozen solidly, I should not have to stand here on the shore and tremble," thought Sunja, and went to examine the snares.

The otter, by this time getting the fishy smell of the sea, leaped down from Sunja's shoulders and glided across the ice cakes out to the water's edge. As if smelling the water could satisfy the gnawing hunger within him, thought Sunja, glancing at him.

From one to the other of the traps she went, but there was not so much as a track of bird or beast upon the snow to tell that there was any living thing abroad but the otter and herself.

Suddenly she wondered where Skuga had gone. Surely he had not gone and drowned himself in the sea now to add to all the rest of her troubles! She called for him. She called again. There was not so much as a flutter of black against the ice. She ventured as far as the quaking field and tried to get on a huge block, but the ice quaked under her feet until she had to draw back. "Skuga," she cried. "Skug-a!"

Her answer was a wild splashing at the edge of the ice where the black waves broke (Continued on page 38)

Nancy Dell's corner for girls who want to be popular

Dear Miss Dell: Please write to me and tell me how I may become popular. I have been living in this city only a short time and know very few people. I am attending high school, where I see many attractive girls and boys. How may I become better acquainted with them? S. P.

Dear S. P.: I know how lonely you must feel at times with a strange group and away from all your old friends. And you sound like a girl who should be very popular! . . . Of course it takes a little time to become fully acquainted with a new group, but here is one way. Why not go in for sports? They offer a splendid way to make friends. On the sports field it is easier to get over the newness of introductions than it is anywhere else; and there's a matchless feeling of good-fellowship there, too. Try taking part in your school games—I'm sure there are happy times ahead for you!

I've quoted S. P.'s letter and my answer because I want every one of you to share my conviction that sports can do a very great deal to make you popular. So, as I told S. P. above, go in for sports! Work at them. And be sure you dress properly for them—in loose, com-



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Skuga

(Continued from page 37)

against the ice floe. Out of the water flashed a huge fish. Wound about it like a black band was Skuga! Like lightening he had it by the tail and was tugging at it. Over the block he dragged it. Nearer and nearer to shore he came. It was a black cod he was dragging along. Something to eat! Sunja was overjoyed, and getting down upon her knees stretched out her hand to help the otter land his quarry.

"Skuga! You wonderful beast!" she cried over and over again, but Skuga could not be bothered with vain words now. He had evidently seen other fine fishes where he found this one! Like a flashing shadow he leaped over the ice again and dove into the water at the edge of the ice floe.

Sunja cried out to the wind, "Now Skuga will not have to die! Skuga shall live!"

In a few minutes the otter threw another fish up on the ice. He dragged it away from the open water a few feet and made sure it would lie still by tearing a mouthful out of its neck. He paused to regard the cod for a moment, then plunged back into the water again. This time he brought up a herring, seemingly without any effort at all. He dragged this to shore. Then he returned for the other cod. When he had landed it, he sprang up Sunja's arm and seated himself upon her shoulder again, thereby announcing that he was through with the fishing for that day.

Sunja slipped the fishes into the bag upon her back. Then she strapped on the skis and raced back against the wind to the hut with her spirits high, for there was food in her bag and Skuga need not die! It was Skuga who was the real provider now! When they were in trouble and needed help, it was Skuga they must rely upon!

"Mother," she cried, pushing the door open, "I have something for you!"

The mother stopped her spinning and ran to meet Sunja. "You have caught something for us to eat?" she cried. "Sunja, you have!" She dumped the sack upon the table.

"How did you get so many?" Hilda cried.

"I didn't, Mother," replied Sunja. "It was Skuga. Skuga caught them at the edge of the ice floe because I could not get to the water. Mother, the bay is full of icebergs and ice floes. I didn't dare tell you! It has been there for days."

"Skuga caught them!" cried Hilda, staring at the otter, for she now saw him in a new light. He was no longer a little beast, Sunja's pet. He was now something big and fine and noble. He had become the provider for the family.

The otter, not understanding all these fine thoughts about him, jumped up on the three-legged stool by the fire and proceeded to dry his fur.

Hilda paused by him and stroked his head, a thing she had never done before. "And to think—" she began but could not finish.

That winter Skuga saw to keeping the family provided with fish enough to live upon. Not only that, but he caught enough fish besides so that Sunja could buy a cow in the spring. After that the family in the little fishing hut became as well-to-do as any family of the fishing class, for there were now five bread earners in the family, the mother and daughter, the goat and the cow, and the little black otter.

Jo Ann was going to plant sweet peas in her new garden next month—

Daughters of the Diplomatic Corps

(Continued from page 11)

ing interested in athletics. Formerly all that was confined to boys; girls were trained in the home, but now girls, too, swim and play tennis and ride and hike and are doing more of it each year."

There are Girl Scouts in Hungary, and in 1928 the Intermediate Conference of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts was held in Budapest. I left the general question of girls and asked Countess Cornelia how she amused herself in Washington.

"Just as all other girls do whom I know—go to dances and parties and have lots of sports," she said. "And every day I work with my father."

"You like foreign diplomacy?" I asked, "and will some day be a lady diplomat?"

But Countess Cornelia's only answer was a charming, enigmatic smile.

Count Szechenyi, himself, is one of the most popular figures in Washington diplomatic life. His long term of service in this country, his American marriage and his own personal charm have lent distinction to his name. Music, explained his daughter, is his hobby and recreation. He plays both the piano and violin but prefers tunes of his own devising, made with strange instruments no one else uses. The entire family is very musical and she herself is a pianist.

The Belgian embassy contributes three daughters to the younger diplomatic circle, Princess Elizabeth de Ligne, Princess Antoinette and little Princess Helen. They are jolly, friendly, attractive girls of the wholesome, athletic type. Save for a slight foreign accent, they might pass for Americans.

The two older girls are fair and slender. Princess Elizabeth, twenty-two, has blonde, crinkly hair, and a naïve spontaneity that makes you her friend on the spot.

"I just love America!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "I've had the most beautiful time over here. Now I'm truly broken-hearted because we have to leave it. Father is to be transferred."

"And where will you go?"

"To Rome, probably. That will be interesting, but it can't be as much fun as this country. There is none other in the world where the girl is so important. After the freedom I've grown accustomed to here, whenever I go back to Europe it seems a little strange at first never to go places unchaperoned."

"I was born in Brussels and that is still our home. They call it the 'Little Paris.' I went to school there. During one of my terms at the university, our own Princess Royal, Marie José, who will some day be Queen of Italy, attended some of the lectures. Everyone loves Marie José. At heart she is a regular tomboy, but when on her dignity she can be very regal."

Princess Elizabeth made her début in Washington the winter of 1927 and found it just as interesting, she says, as being presented at court. Princess Antoinette is two years her sister's junior and Princess Helen is only thirteen.

"President and Mrs. Hoover have been delightful to us," continued Princess Elizabeth. "They are particularly beloved by the Belgians because of the great service they rendered (Continued on page 40)

Get the Facts



"This blood pressure instrument is somewhat like a barometer. To a sea-captain, the reading of the barometer indicates storms or fair weather ahead. To me, a reading of your blood pressure indicates easy or labored heart action."

Faulty blood pressure may be caused by focal infections anywhere in the body, by poisoning from the left-overs of previous infectious diseases, sometimes by overweight or overwork or continued high nervous tension in either working or living conditions. But it may be caused by something more obscure. Worry, fear, anger, hate are frequently responsible for high blood pressure.

Your own blood pressure varies many points during the course of the day. In the normal person these variations are within reasonable limits. Often high blood pressure can be brought back to normal by finding and removing the cause. But sometimes it is not possible or even desirable to reduce it. Then comes a time when a change must be made in diet and physical activities if the overworked heart is to have a fair chance to carry on.

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If you haven't had a reading of your blood pressure within a year it is not safe to assume that it is the same as it was last year or two or three years ago. Faulty blood pressure is not like a rash or a cough that immediately makes itself known.

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But she gave the peas to Tommy Bassick. Read how in April!

Daughters of the Diplomatic Corps

(Continued from page 39)

our people during the War. Once when we were guests at a White House dinner, Mrs. Hoover used Belgian lace on the table and she herself wore a lace scarf which my mother's sister had given her. Was not that a charming honor to pay us?"

The Girl Scout movement is growing fast in Belgium, she explained. "Recently one of my cousins went to England to become a Girl Guide so she could train a group of Belgian girls. I might take it up myself some day, if only we would live in one place long enough."

No story of the younger diplomatic set would be complete without Reine Claudel, daughter of Paul Claudel, our ambassador from France. Because France, like our own country, is a republic, Reine has no title—she is Mademoiselle Reine, vivacious, charming, gracious, witty and wise. As they say in France, "*Elle a du succès*"—which means she is a belle. This is true wherever she goes; and she has lived in many places.

Monsieur Paul Claudel has been in foreign diplomatic service for twenty-five years. Starting as consul in New York, he served in China, Germany, Italy, Brazil, Denmark and Japan, before his appointment as ambassador to the United States in 1927. His family have gone with him to most of these places, so that Mademoiselle Reine has been given a background of color and interest few girls have the luck to acquire. In 1928, when she was barely eighteen, she was com-

missioned official hostess of the French embassy in Washington while her mother was detained in Paris.

Monsieur Paul Claudel is a very scholarly man, recognized in his own country as a poet and man of letters. His daughter, Reine, has his type of mind, coupled with a vivacity that makes her everywhere beloved.

She has a little sister, Renée, eleven, who also bids fair to be a belle.

Marisa von Pritzwitz, aged seven, lives at the German embassy and is just as pretty as her name, a contraction of Maria Louisa. Marisa was born in Berlin but, with the appointment of her father as ambassador to this country, she transferred her allegiance to Washington without a murmur. Indeed, one capital city of the world is very much like another to this charming little German *Mädchen*. She attends an American school and chatters our language with the same facility as her native tongue.

Marisa's mother, Frau von Pritzwitz, might almost belong to the younger set, so slender and girlish she seems.

"German girls have changed a lot since the War," she told me as we drank tea in her upstairs living room. "The Youth Movement in Germany has made its influence felt. We have what we call *Wandervögel*, groups of girls and boys who, under the auspices of some school, go on long excursions into the mountains, carrying mandolins and singing as they go, in true German fashion."

There are other groups in Germany who are adopting the same ideals of service which permeate the Guide and Girl Scout movement.

"Of course the true ambition of every good German *Mädchen* is to become a good *Hausfrau*," continued Frau von Pritzwitz. "But this ambition may change with the years. Right now I believe Marisa would like to grow up to be a good Girl Scout."

Señoritas Rosa and Maria Padilla, daughters of the ambassador from Spain, had not yet returned from abroad when I was in Washington, so I met their ship at dock when they landed in New York and talked with them while the customs agent inspected their baggage.

They are girls in their early twenties, with the dark hair and velvety black eyes characteristic of Spanish señoritas. Rosa, the elder, is particularly Latin in appearance and manner, is very witty and deeply religious. Maria, whose real name is Marichu, is gayer and more bubbling.

Both were born in Madrid but have also lived much in Paris and in Italy.

"America is fine, but too far from home," was how Rosa answered my question. Maria enjoys our big free country more. Its interests are quite to her liking.

Girl Scouts in Spain?

Well, not many yet. It's a trifle warm over there for hiking and camping.

"But we're coming to them," said Maria. "Every country does, sooner or later."

Costumes from Many Lands

(Continued from page 15)

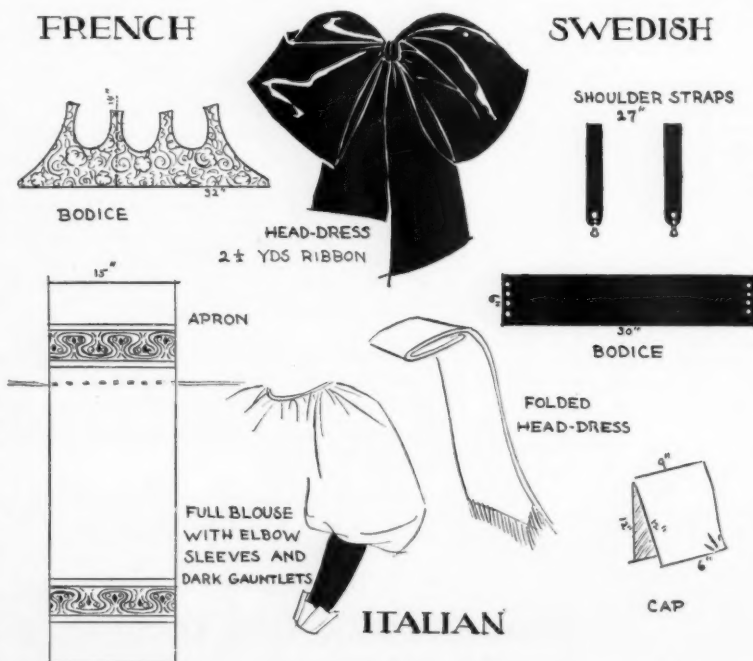
boys in little short jackets and long trousers. The headdress, which is shown in greater detail on this page, is made of black cambric cut eight or nine inches wide instead of black taffeta ribbon. Get at least two yards and a half of it. Instead of actually tying it in a bow, it is easier to pin the cambric together to look like the headdress illustrated and fasten it with a little extra knot of the ribbon. The two bows stand out from the head like great elephant ears and the ends hang down behind. Each bow is attached to a little round cap. The white blouse has little ruffles on the neck and sleeves. And there is a cunning bodice—shown on this page—with straps cut all in one piece and sloping to a point in front where the straps meet at the waistline. The skirt is ankle length, of a plain red material with a figured

border. Both this border and the little jacket may be cut from a gay chintz. The apron is made from plaid gingham and there is a little embroidered vest sticking up quaintly out of the bodice. This vest may be painted on cloth-covered cardboard or made from an

old piece of embroidery or a gay chintz border mounted on cardboard or stiff canvas.

The German costume I have chosen—second from the left in the illustration on page fifteen—comes from Bavaria. The red blouse is snugly made with short, tight

sleeves. The striped skirt is full and comes halfway between the knees and ankles. It may be made of a striped awning cloth. The bodice is black, cut high in front with no shoulder straps. The lower part of it is laced across with white cords. Into the upper part of it is tucked the white fichu with a row of fresh flowers and foliage stretching from one side to the other. The white apron is trimmed with lace bands and lace edging. Around the neck is a choker collar of many strands of pearls with a wide brooch in front. Round medallions—made by gilding cardboard disks—are hung in the bodice lacing.



There are many ideas for your Little House in the April issue—

The stockings are white and the shoes black. With this costume goes a perfectly absurd little round hat with a tiny crown and a turned up brim.

The Italian costume I have selected is the one worn by the second girl from the right in the illustration at the beginning of this article. The skirt is long and full, of a heavy blue fabric—sateen will do—and the bodice is of the same material, high in front and held up by narrow shoulder straps which meet in a V behind. The white under-bodice is gathered very full into a round neck, with full puffed sleeves to the elbows. From the elbow to the wrist is a sort of gauntlet of the same heavy blue material as the skirt, with a white ruffle at the bottom. Sometimes this outer skirt is caught up all around like a kirtle, showing a bright full petticoat beneath. The apron is a long piece of heavy material about fifteen inches wide turned over at the top to make a sort of bib. This apron is not gathered but tied tightly around the waistline. It may be made of plain material with applied stripes of chintz and colored tape, or perhaps you have a dark table-runner that would do. With this costume wear a small, brightly colored shawl, several strings of large beads and big gypsy-like earrings. The headdress may be made of a folded scarf or embroidered towel folded as shown in the illustration. Keep the fold in place with a light piece of cardboard. Drawings of the apron, headdress and blouse on page forty will help you in cutting.

Now we skip over to Russia. So if you have any blouses or smocks or bright colored Slavic embroideries, plan to use them. This time it is the white under-blouse which is most important. It is vividly embroidered on the sleeves and shoulders with gay designs in cross-stitch or heavy embroidery. If you cannot find such a blouse, you may paint the design on in red and blue or red and black. The rest of this Russian costume is bright blue with a tight bodice and full short skirt. Over the shoulders, around the top of the bodice and down the front of the whole dress runs a strip of brilliant embroidery. This may be made of gay ribbon or a bright chintz bordered with bands of red. Wear black riding boots or boots made of red oilcloth attached to your regular shoes, or bind pajama legs with cord. Over your head wear a bright bandanna folded cornerwise and tied under your chin; or a crown-shaped cap made of pasteboard painted in a gay Slavic design and tied with a ribbon behind.

Last of all is the Hindu costume shown at the bottom of page fifteen. Make it of a strip of cheesecloth or of any very soft fabric five or six yards long. All around the edge of it should be a border two inches wide in a very delicate design made of some soft tinsel or gauze ribbon. You might paint a delicate border of gold or silver. The under-dress should be very long and straight with short, tight sleeves and a round neck. Over this is bound the long scarf. Pin one corner of it first at the waistline on the right side and wind it across the front, all around the back and up over the left shoulder, then across the head with the other end hanging down on the right side. Wear silver earrings in your ears and many heavy silver necklaces and bracelets. Wear white stockings and some sort of oriental slippers.



You will value the lasting protection of Kotex



Here is sanitary comfort that lasts for hours; it deodorizes; it is shaped to fit.

THE girl of today can't be bothered with old-fashioned makeshifts in sanitary protection. She naturally and sensibly turns to the safest, most convenient of sanitary pads—Kotex.

Amazing absorbency

The absorbent of which Kotex is made—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—is unique. It is five times more absorbent than surgical cotton, by actual test. Five times more lasting for that very reason.

It is not only soft and downy at first, but it remains that way even during use. Its comfort is lasting comfort.

And Kotex, you know, can be worn on either side with perfect safety, with no fear of possible embarrassment or discomfort.

Another advantage: because of its layer construction Kotex is adjustable. You can remove layers to suit your needs.

You can have the very same sanitary care that world-famous hospitals give their patients. You should not be satisfied with anything less. Never is safety more vital, never is comfort more essential. Specify "Kotex." Accept nothing else.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Safe, secure . . .* keeps your mind at ease.
- 4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort, no embarrassment.
- 5 *Disposable, instantly, completely.*

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

See the new Kotex Belt

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1,770,741)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Read about Girl Scout Little Houses all over the country



SPECIAL UNIFORMS FOR LOCAL CAMPS

Remember that special uniforms may be worn at local camps where climatic or other conditions make the National camp uniform impracticable. Write to us for information about different styles and materials for special camp uniforms.



Girl Scout Camping Clothes in the 1931 Manner

THE campaign for *Every Girl Scout In Uniform* blazes ahead. To put uniforms within the reach of every Girl Scout we're now reducing the prices of camp clothing and accessories. . . . Headquarters urge that every Girl Scout wear the National camp uniform at National camps and there's no reason why they can't do this. . . .

The Pamico cloth Girl Scout uniform is now \$2.75 instead of \$3.75 and the chambray model is reduced to \$2 from \$2.50. . . . The uniform for Leaders in Pamico cloth has been cut to \$5.50 from \$7 and in chambray it's now \$5 while it was \$6 last year. . . . Pamico cloth is a new material that's very popular in the summer because it's sturdy but porous and doesn't require ironing. . . .

Girl Scout mothers welcome this discovery of ours. . . . Both the Pamico and the chambray come in a grey-green shade that matches the summer foliage. . . . The camp uniform for Girl Scouts consists of a carefully tailored middy blouse and pleated bloomers. . . . It's just the costume to be worn in the country all summer. . . .

Just to mention stockings. Brown stockings are required in the National Training Camps for wear with both the Leader and Girl Scout uniforms. . . . If green stockings are approved for wear in your local camp we can supply them in a jade green shade. . . .

The camp uniform for leaders is the result of much study on the part of camping experts. . . . At last a smart but practical camp uniform has been found that's graceful on the grown woman. . . . A fitted smock with side pleats, buttoning down the front and reaching the knee, is worn over knickers. . . . That is the uniform required for wear by all students in Girl Scout National Training Camps next summer.



ORDER YOUR CAMP CLOTHES EARLY

R-204 Girl Scout Leader's Camp Uniform, Pamico Cloth, Sizes 32 to 44	\$5.50
R-205 Same in Chambray	5.00
R-110 Girl Scout Camp Uniform, Pamico Cloth, Sizes 10 to 44	2.75
R-109 Same in Chambray	2.00
A-166 Sport Belt for Leader's Uniform, Sizes 28 to 38	1.00
A-167 Same in Sizes 40 to 46	1.25
R-625 Mercerized cotton Windsor tie	.25
R-623 Crêpe de Chine Windsor tie	.85
(Colors for both ties . . . dark green, red, purple, blue, yellow, brown)	
R-623 Crêpe de Chine folded tie	.80
(Colors . . . navy blue, light blue, green, yellow, purple, red)	
J-511 Pull-over sweater, dark green jersey	3.00
J-506 Shaker coat sweater, dark green	8.00

EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLY SERVICE
670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A double feature—Mary Ellen and Jo Ann—both in the April "American Girl"—

Juliette Low Memorial Fund

SEVEN Girl Scouts and three Girl Scout Captains enjoyed a week's camping in Canada last summer and two Guides and a Guider from Canada were guests at Camp Andree for two weeks. These girls were the recipients of the Juliette Low awards, which are to be given annually from the Juliette Low Memorial Fund to bring together girls of different countries and help them to a better understanding of one another.

It seems especially fitting that the Fund raised in memory of the Founder of the Girl Scouts in the United States should be used to promote international friendship for that was one of Mrs. Low's most cherished ideals for Girl Scouting.

The awards last year were given to Regions Three, Ten and Twelve. The Chairmen of each region made the final selection of the Girl Scouts and Captains who were to benefit by the awards, on the following basis: "The Girl Scouts chosen to share in this award must be either Golden Eagles or First Class and between the ages of sixteen and seventeen. They will be selected primarily for their Girl Scout spirit, outstanding loyalty, their Girl Scout standards, good work and interest in Girl Scouting. The question of whether the girls expect to remain in Girl Scouting will also be taken into consideration, as the International Committee is anxious to have these girls pass on to others the benefits they gain from this experience."

The Girl Scouts who received the awards were: Marian Gray, Lansdowne, Pennsylvania; Margaret Clarke, Washington, District of Columbia; Daphne Savage, Norfolk, Virginia; Henrietta Wynne, Waseca, Minnesota; Vera Hatten, Aberdeen, South Dakota; Arlean Klett, Santa Barbara, California; and Eleanor Crawford, Portland, Oregon.

Due largely to the cost of transportation and the brief school holidays in Canada, it did not prove possible for the Canadian Girl Guides to visit the Girl Scout Camps

Juniper Knoll or Chaparral. But fortunately two Guides and a Guider from the eastern part of Canada came to Camp Andree.

According to the letters received from the campers, this first exchange of visits between nations was very successful. One Girl Scout writes: "Words cannot express my thanks to those who made this trip possible. I certainly enjoyed it and shall never forget it. I received many new ideas of Scouting which I am passing on."

"I think it was a very fine idea to exchange courtesies with the Canadian Guides. They got an idea of our organization and we got an idea of theirs."

Another girl says that the trip to Canada made the Girl Scouts who went realize "the vastness of the movement—how far-reaching it is and how broad—one of the few organizations which gives every girl, from whatever land, a friend in another."

And a Canadian Guide says of her visit to Camp Andree:

"My impression of Girl Scouting had been both rather vague and very odd. I knew, of course, that it was a sister organization to Guides, but knew nothing of its founding, of Mrs. Low or many other interesting things I do now. To me it is interesting to compare the ways in which these two organizations work toward the same end—the making of sounder nations and surer peace through the development of a better citizen."

This is the first attempt that has been made through the Juliette Low Fund to exchange visitors with other countries. The next will be on broader lines. It has been decided that the scholarship fund each year will be divided between American girls and girls of foreign nations. Thanks to Mrs. James J. Storrow of Boston, Chairman of the World Committee, the next girls from America who are honored by receiving the awards will probably spend some time in a chalet in Switzerland, which Mrs. Storrow is giving for the use of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides from all over the world.

We Go to Camp in Holland

(Continued from page 24)
of thousands of feet on the other. We saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and we visited Italy, Austria, Germany

and some fascinating places in England.

In the party were Mrs. Phillip W. L. Cox, Jane Austin, Nancy Cox, Marjorie Oswald and Catherine Kreidler.



THEY WERE CLOSE FRIENDS TOGETHER—THESE GIRL GUIDES FROM TWELVE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES WHEN THEY ATTENDED THE WORLD CAMP AT HOLLAND LAST SUMMER

when the lunch bell sounds



A hot dish is desirable at lunch time! Royal Chicken Shortcakes—made with crusty baking powder biscuits—are tempting and wholesome!

THE noon meal must do a lot for the hungry youngsters that come running home at lunch time—or stampee the school cafeteria.

And many foods baked with Royal, the famous Cream of Tartar baking powder, meet the needs of these healthy young appetites. They are hearty enough to give renewed working energy... easily digested... and very tempting!

Tiny meat pies with baking powder pastry; ham-filled luncheon buns with brown gravy; fresh vegetable patties... they taste better and are better baked with Royal.

The Cream of Tartar makes the difference! It's the reason Royal-baked foods are so feather-light and even-textured, so wholesome and delicious!

Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure.

Free!

School Lunch Folder... suggestions and recipes for children's lunches!



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Please send me free copy of the
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Be sure to read the exciting doings of these two lively girls!



Are Your Castles Crumbling?

Are your castles in the air falling to the ground? Are your ethereal edifices tumbling around your ears? Perhaps you, too, have built too many castles—too many unsteady ones, formed out of flimsy hopes, dreams, expectations. We all do it. Our fertile minds build all sorts of lovely things, only to find that they have neglected to provide the necessary sturdy foundation for them. Usually that foundation is "extra money". You must have it *first* before you can build.

Don't be Discouraged

Don't let the falling castles bury you in gloom. You needn't give up all the things you have planned. You can reconstruct those castles—there is a way.

Write to Betty Brooks

Why don't you write to Betty Brooks and let her tell you how you can earn enough money to take care of all your needs? She has a special surprise for Earn-Your-Own members this year. More money will be yours through Betty Brooks' special offer.



So, climb up into the clouds and build again—this time with firm and fool-proof underpinnings. Write to Betty Brooks today—immediately—in care of

The American Girl
670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mystery at Shadylawn

(Continued from page 28)

"Oh, that's Mr. Vernon Jackson," she said. "He's the business manager of the school and he's been responsible for its great success in the last year. He's always introducing new ideas and they are perfectly thrilling—last term it was archery; we've got a marvelous range and the girls are mad about it. He's really awfully clever and he won't pay any attention to anyone except Miss Harrigan."

"He is nice looking," Gloria breathed. "I think I'm going to like Shadylawn," she added. The girl on her right smiled and shook her head.

"That's the way lots of girls feel after they've seen Mr. Jackson."

Marjorie had seen to it that Mary Hopkins had the seat between herself and Gloria. She sensed Mary's almost overwhelming shyness. She turned to her now.

"We must tell each other all about our families when we have time," Marjorie said. "I've got a nice one, I think. There's Father and Mother and my four brothers who are all older than I."

"It must be wonderful to belong to a large family," Mary remarked.

"It isn't bad," Marjorie answered.

At the close of dinner the girls went into the beautiful high-ceilinged drawing room. Madame Brunnell stood at the end of the room, and a tall elderly man stood next to her. The girls were to learn later that this was her brother, Lester Scott, who taught Greek and Latin, and was a delightful but terribly absent-minded old gentleman. Marjorie and Gloria and Mary were crowded near the door together with half a dozen other new girls.

Madame Brunnell was a tall woman with snow white hair piled high on her head, an aristocratic nose and snapping black eyes. She made a short and gracious speech of welcome to all the girls and asked the newcomers to remain for a personal greeting.

Mary and Marjorie and Gloria lingered with the other new girls. The rest of the school filed out. Then Madame Brunnell came to the group by the door. She shook hands with them all, and welcomed them again to Shadylawn, but she held Mary Hopkins' hand longer than the others and looked closely into her gray eyes.

"You are very like your mother, dear," she said in a low voice.

Marjorie and Gloria overhearing the words looked at each other. So little Mary Hopkins' mother had been a pupil at this school!

Madame Brunnell dismissed the others but kept Gloria and Mary and Marjorie with her. "I have something special to say to you," she told them.

When she was alone with them she spoke crisply and to the point.

"I suppose you have heard the story that is connected with your room," she said, looking searchingly into the three faces before her.

"Yes, we have," Marjorie answered.

"I haven't a doubt of that," Madame Brunnell answered dryly.

"I think it is silly," Marjorie said bluntly. "It seems to me that the things that have happened might happen to anyone, no matter where they were."

Madame Brunnell smiled.

"Try and keep that thought, Marjorie," she said.

"I will," Marjorie answered shortly.

"And now you might like to see the things in this room. We are proud of our collection of antiques and especially of our autographs and original letters. We have some interesting and valuable ones. Do you know anything about them?" Madame Brunnell went on.

"Father is interested in autographs," Gloria said. "He has a famous collection—"

They had been walking around the room as they talked. Suddenly Gloria caught her breath and turned delighted, shining eyes to Madame Brunnell, who stepped forward to see what it was that so pleased the girl. Madame Brunnell was justly fond of her antiques and was always glad to show them. Marjorie and Mary joined the two before the faded framed letter at which Gloria was pointing.

"This is a rare thing!" she exclaimed. "My father has been trying for years to get a complete set of signatures of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence and he has never been able to find any of the man who wrote that letter. Oh, he'd give his ears to have it!"

"Yes, my dear," Madame Brunnell said. "That particular man apparently did not write very much. I prize this letter very highly, not only because of its value in money—for it is worth at least forty thousand dollars—but because it is a letter, as you can see, that was written to my ancestor, the first Lester Scott, who settled here in 1750 and built this place a few years later."

"Oh, it is something to prize," Gloria said. "I know."

"Aren't you afraid to leave it around this way?" Marjorie asked, looking more closely at the old, faded letter and thinking that it would be a very easy thing to take it from its hook and carry it away.

"Very few people appreciate or even know its real worth," Madame Brunnell explained.

They lingered a little longer, then Madame Brunnell dismissed them and they went back to their rooms.

When they were there and comfortably settled on the couch Marjorie said:

"Why didn't you tell us that your mother had come here to school, Mary?"

"I didn't think of it—" Mary began politely, but Gloria, who had thrust a scarlet satin cushion behind her blond hair and was admiring the effect of it in the mirror of her dressing table that showed through the open door of the bedroom, said in her slow, lazy voice: "We didn't give her time to do much talking about anything."

Marjorie laughed.

"I guess we have been doing all the talking. Well, it's your turn now, Mary. Tell us all."

"Mother came here to school twenty years ago. She met Father while she was here. He was over at Annapolis and they married right away as soon as they had graduated. Mother died when I was born and Father sent me out to live with my mother's aunt—that's Aunt Peggy—who lived in Kansas. Father died last summer, and his sister, Aunt Dora, sent for me, because she had decided to send me here to school. I came

To get some attention from her family, Joan decided to become an author —

East and spent a week-end with Aunt Dora in her apartment in New York. She writes—

"Writes? What is her full name?" Gloria demanded, sitting up suddenly.

"Doris Montgomery," Mary answered.

"Not the Doris Montgomery who wrote *Scarlet Sails*?" Gloria cried. "Oh, it's thrilling! That is my favorite book! It's wonderful, and I never miss a single line your aunt writes!"

"Thank you," Mary said, her face flushing, and not knowing quite what else to say, she added, "I'll tell her when I write to her. She'll be pleased, I know."

"It's perfectly thrilling, but do go on," Marjorie interrupted, eager to hear more about this brown girl who had such unassuming manners and whom Gloria and she had both been a little inclined to patronize.

"Madame Brunnell wrote to Aunt Dora and said she'd be glad to have me come as a pupil," Mary resumed her story. "She was fond of Mother and of Father, too, and was delighted when they were married."

"I never heard of anything more romantic!" Marjorie cried. "Isn't it thrilling, Gloria?"

"Very," Gloria answered, and then said, turning to Mary, "so you mean to tell us that we're going to be allowed to go to dances with Annapolis boys? That would be too good to be true."

"I know the boys used to be allowed to come here," Mary explained. "Aunt Dora said that Father told her that every Saturday night there was a dance at Shadylawn."

"That's almost as good as going places with them," Gloria said.

"Now I'll tell something!" Marjorie laughed, her brown eyes twinkling. "My brother Warren is at Annapolis—now, this very minute! But I wasn't going to say anything about him for a while. I wanted to be sure that you girls liked me for myself alone, and not because I've got a handsome brother in a uniform."

"Oh, Marjorie, you'd know better than that!" Mary cried impulsively, shaken out of her shyness for the first time.

"Yes, you would," Marjorie answered. "But what about you, Gloria?"

"Don't be a silly," Gloria answered. "If you had ten brothers it wouldn't make any difference; first because I like you for yourself alone, and second because I've decided that I've found the ideal of my dreams in Mr. Vernon Jackson. I think he's a wow!"

"Oh, my goodness!" Marjorie cried in mock despair, dropping down on her knees before Gloria. "Are you going to be 'one of those'? I can't bear it."

"One of those what?" Gloria asked with a puzzled frown between her clearly marked eyebrows.

"One of those luckless females who goes around with red-rimmed eyes like a French poodle and an all-gone expression."

"Not that bad," laughed Gloria.

"Thank goodness!" Marjorie said with such a windy sigh of mock relief that Mary Hopkins giggled.

Marjorie turned on her.

"And don't let me catch you having any unrequited love affairs either!" she said. Mary shook her head.

This was fun she thought! Ragging along, being teased, being treated just as Gloria was treated.

"Lights have to (Continued on page 36)



JANE

Star player and captain
of her basketball team

MARY

A "sub." Good, but
not first team material

Why is Jane captain ...and Mary not even on the team?

BOTH clever players. Both speedy, alert—up on their toes! But here's the difference. Jane is good for a whole game. Mary goes ragged after the first half. Jane has *stamina*. Mary hasn't. Too many colds. Too many little ailments to pull her down.

But Mary's going to have another chance this spring. She's started in to fight those colds. Adopted that simple precaution so many star athletes use: washing hands often—*always* before meals—with Lifebuoy.

It's easy to see the importance of this health rule. The Life Extension Institute lists 27 diseases which may be spread by germs hands pick up. And Lifebuoy, you know, is the soap with the gentle, purifying antiseptic lather that removes *germs* as well as dirt!

Keeps complexions radiant

Lifebuoy cleanses the pores of blemish-causing wastes. Leaves the skin fresher, clearer—smoother and finer! Prevents embarrassing body odor, too. Its peppery, *extra-clean*, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you that you get *extra* benefits from Lifebuoy.

Don't let poor physical condition keep you on the sidelines. Follow Mary's example. Join the ranks of happy, healthy Lifebuoy users. Mail the coupon for a Wash-up Chart and a trial cake of Lifebuoy. They'll make training more fun! Both *free*!

ACTUAL
SIZE
8 x 10 1/4"

free



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Cambridge, Mass.

Please send me a Lifebuoy "Wash-up" Chart and trial cake of Lifebuoy—both free!

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

LIFEBUOY

FOR FACE



HANDS BATH

PROTECTS HEALTH

STOPS BODY ODOR

But that brought complications. You will love Jane Abbott's story in April



She Chose "Chicagos" Now she's CHAMPION of her street!

She wasn't always Champion. "Slow Poke" they used to call her. They didn't know that it was those old-fashioned, hard-rolling skates that held her back.

But they know it now! Since she got "Chicagos" she whizzes to the lead like a flash. And she *stays* in the lead!

"Chicagos" are the Choice of Champions the world over. They have established more World's Records than all other makes combined. Think of it! Yet "Chicagos" cost less in time than ordinary skates without these SPEED OR ENDURANCE RECORDS.

"Chicagos" are the skates for Y-O-U!

Ask Dad for "Chicagos", the Choice of Champions, today.

No. 101 (shown above)—Our NEW FLYING SCOUT—Double-Tread, "TRIPLE-WARE" Steel Wheels; Grade "A" Ball Bearings; 2 ounces Lighter, $\frac{3}{8}$ " Lower, 10 times Stronger. AT GOOD DEALERS or Direct Postpaid.....\$2.25

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.

Roller Skates with Records for Over 26 Years

4403 West Lake Street

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For Health, Good Looks and Pep
Skate Often on "Chicagos"!



CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates

No. 181. NEW SILENT FLASH. Hard Rubber Tire Wheels. Outwear steel wheels 2 to 1. New Powerful Arch will hold 250 lb. man—won't sag or bend. Noiseless and Speedy. Price.....\$4.00



FREE SKATE PLAN

We want Club Captains from each school. Write for Plan—"How to get a pair of 'Chicagos' FREE." Send 10¢ for beautiful Club Pin—"Championship Secrets," etc.

SEND
FOR
FREE
BOOK



The World on Your Table

(Continued from page 19)

On an ordinary occasion, when a party of guests arrives at the tent of a wealthy Arab, the host, not the hostess, receives them in his tent. The guests are seated on rugs or cushions next the walls, which may be hung with beautiful rugs or other hangings. The dinner is cooked outside by the women, the meat in one pot, the rice in another. When the meat is cooked, it is put on a huge copper tray, sometimes five or six feet in diameter, and six or eight inches deep. If the animal is cooked whole, it is put in the center of the tray with the four legs sticking up, and its entire surface is covered with rice, until just the ends of the legs stick out. This is flanked by freshly baked bread flaps, and surmounted by the head of the animal to show what kind it is, and that it has been freshly killed. The tray is set on a table not more than a foot high or, if there is none, on a mat on the floor of the tent.

When the dinner is ready the host and the guests rise, go out, wash their hands in sand, and a little water if there is any. They go back to the tent, draw up around the platter of food, sitting crosslegged, if there is plenty of room. If there is not they sit on their heels. No forks, knives or spoons are used. Each dips into the main pot with his hand. The meat is torn off in huge chunks. The rice is dipped up with the hand, held over the dish for some of the gravy to drain between the fingers, rolled in a ball, and with the aid of the thumb tossed into the mouth.

And now a suggestion or two for adapting all this to a party of our own. A party of this sort to be successful should, if possible, be held in a tent, either out-of-doors or in a gymnasium. The floor of the tent could be covered with mats and cushions. If dancing is to be part of the entertainment, there should be a floor or platform outside the tent for this purpose. The food, consisting of rice, tomatoes, and mutton, could be cooked in a big copper or iron kettle, and set on a low table in the center of the tent. I would advise bowls and spoons, however, for individual servings. This may be followed by dates, coffee, and if you like, cheese or buttermilk, and pancakes in lieu of bread.

And now away to Japan for an entirely different food picture. The Japanese, who are as fastidious in their food customs as the Arabs are the reverse, also eat without the benefit of chairs or high tables; without knives, forks or spoons; without bread and butter, without water, coffee or milk. They also eat with their eyes. By that I mean the food is always prepared to look delicious. A Japanese uses very little meat and if he does he serves it cut up very fine.

One of the most interesting of the Japanese dishes is *suki-yaki*, a delightful dish to serve at a small party.

The day or morning before the party, make a plain American economy soup. For it use celery and leek tops, sliced onion, and any other vegetables, with tomato and mushroom peelings. Cover these with water and cook until tender. Strain and set away in the refrigerator until ready to use.

The first step in preparation, after getting

Last call for the National High School Awards Book Essay Contest—

the supplies and making the soup, is to arrange your table—see the illustration. For this particular table I used four strips of narrow Japanese crêpe. Plain ordinary runners may be used. The four trays were bought at the "five-and-ten."

I used lacquer bowls for the rice and soup; however, any small bowl will do. And I provided ordinary green bowls for the *suki-yaki*, chop sticks to eat with, and an electric stove to cook on. You will need a small pitcher for the soup stock and a large flat bowl or tray—an ordinary wooden chopping bowl will do—for the uncooked vegetables and meat; some plates, and toothpicks for the dessert, and cups for tea, if tea is served.

To set the table, first put on the runners, then set out the trays as you would plates, with a pair of chop sticks on each. Put the cooking stove near the hostess' place and arrange the *suki-yaki* bowls, the stock and soy bean sauce near it. At the other end place the plates for the dessert with the bowls of preserved ginger, preserved kumquats, and rice cakes, with toothpicks for serving. The tea should be made outside.

Suki-Yaki

3 squares butter	rooms
1/2 large onion	1 pound round
1 bunch leeks	steak
1 bunch celery	1 cup stock
2 tomatoes	soy bean sauce
1/4 pound mush-	1/2 teaspoon sugar

Make the preliminary preparations in the kitchen. Cut the meat in strips about a quarter of an inch wide and two or three inches long. Arrange in a mound on one side of your tray or bowl with lean and fat strips alternating. Now wash and cut the celery in very thin strips. The tops and outer stalks were used the day before in the soup. Slice the leeks. The green tops of these were also used in the stock. Peel and slice the mushrooms, adding the peelings to soup stock. Peel and slice onions and peel tomatoes and cut in quarters. Arrange as attractively as possible in the bowl or platter with the meat and three squares of butter and a pair of chop sticks. This recipe serves four.

Next, start the rice. Rice may be cooked Chinese fashion, or as follows: measure out two or three tablespoons of rice for each guest, wash and add slowly to a large pot of boiling water. Cook until the rice is tender, and drain, reserving the water for your soup. Wash the cooked rice in cold water and put back in a steamer over hot water to reheat. While the rice is cooking, the soup, which was started the day before, is finished. To finish this preparation, put

the soup in a saucepan over the fire, add the mushroom skins, a quart of water strained from the rice, and four bouillon cubes. Taste and, if necessary, season with Worcestershire sauce, celery salt, and onion salt. Strain the soup, then put it and the rice into bowls. Put the rice in the covered bowl and the soup in the other, and set on the trays with the chop sticks. The soup is to be drunk from the bowl and the rice eaten with the chop sticks.

Your guests will find the cooking of the *suki-yaki* entertaining to watch. First you stick the butter on the end of your chop sticks and grease the hot pan. Then you add the sliced onion, leeks and celery and other vegetables and stir occasionally to prevent burning. When the vegetables are half cooked pour in the stock, enough to cover the bottom, no more. Then add soy bean sauce and a little sugar, soy bean custard if you have it, and the sliced mushrooms; cook for three minutes.

Then push all the vegetables to one side of the pan, lay in the beef, flat, slice by slice, turning it over at the end of a half minute. Cover and cook until ready to serve.

It is a far cry from Japan to Scandinavia; but the Scandinavians, especially the Swedish people, and their next door neighbors, the Russians too, for that matter, have one food custom that I think should be adapted to this country. That is the custom of serving *hors-d'œuvre* as a first course or appetizer. In these northern countries a whole table is devoted to this course. Sometimes it will contain as many as thirty different varieties. Now, while this custom is quite justifiable in the cold, cold north, where the houses are heated by stoves and fireplaces and the body is heated from the inside out instead of the outside in, in this country of central heating, it would not do at all to begin the meal with so much heavy food. But these delicious tidbits are too attractive to forego entirely, so I am advocating them for evening refreshments instead of the regulation sandwiches!

To make the preparation and serving as simple as possible I have used simple foods, easily obtained, such as sliced tomatoes, tiny pickled beets, olives and cheese balls. The olives are rolled in strips of bacon and put under the broiling flame until the bacon is crisp. Prunes may be substituted for some of the olives. In order to make these easy to eat I have used sandwiches cut out with a doughnut cutter—the little hole in the center holds the olive or the beet or the cheese ball. If the occasion is very informal, you may use toothpicks. These *hors-d'œuvre* should be served with hot chocolate and followed by candy and nuts, or ice cream and cakes.

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From "Rama," E. P. Dutton and Company

MOST of the girls loved the town
library. They didn't always go there
to do their "required reading" for school,
but to pounce eagerly on books they really
wanted to read and to bombard with ques-
tions the librarians, always so ready with
helpful comments and suggestions. There-
fore, there was joyous excitement when, on
the Bulletin Board, there appeared the fol-
lowing notice:

BOOKLOVERS—ATTENTION!

Scarcely a home in America has escaped
the hard times now so prevalent. Some of
us must do without luxuries and some
without necessities. Perhaps we've been
looking forward to a trip to a far-away
country which it will be impossible to
take. Impossible? No! Not while we have
books. And who more fortunate in this
respect than we? Fittingly to celebrate our
good fortune, we will gather in the library
next Saturday evening. Each of us, in cos-
tume, will present a favorite new book
about a foreign country and tell why we
liked it. In this way we will travel without
engaging passage or having any trouble
about hotel accommodations! Will you all
come?

Would they come? Are there many girls
who can resist the lure of a costume party?
As soon as I entered the room that even-
ing, as a deeply interested spectator, it was
very evident that they hadn't resisted so
tempting an opportunity, firstly, to dress up
and, secondly, to hold forth—two of the
most urgent needs for girls, boys, men,
women and what have you? The room was
filled with picturesque figures, each with a
book in her hand.

One of them, about fourteen years old,
was dressed in that most alluring of cos-
tumes—a Greek chiton. In her hand she held
two books—*The Windy Shore* by Margaret
Evans Price (Harpers) and *Singing Sea-*
men by Helen Coale Crew (Century).

"*The Windy Shore* is such a lovely story!"
she said. "I never read about more interest-
ing people than that grand old barbarian,
Nann, and his daughter Glyptis. You know,
the way Glyptis longed for the culture and
beauty of the Greeks isn't so very different
from the way many of us girls today feel!

Euxenes made a fine lover, and throughout
the whole book I had a real feeling of the
lovely Greek temples and songs, and the
thrilling sense of Greek ships and all they
meant to barbarians who knew nothing of
such things. The illustrations are so fine
they make the story even more vivid.
There are two baby barbarians on page
eighty-four I'd have kidnaped if I could,
but since I couldn't I turned to another
book—*Singing Seamen* by Helen Coale
Crew (Century). This is a story about
the flight of the Trojans under Aeneas,
from the victorious Greeks who had cap-
tured Troy. It gets its title from a remark
of the old pilot Palinurus, that he will
turn the boys entrusted to his care into sea
men who sing under all circumstances.
Ascanius the son of Aeneas, Priam the
grandson of the king of Troy, and little Atys
are the heroes of the story. Although they
are a royal lot, and the story follows in its
main outlines the great Aeneid, it jarred me
considerably to hear them address each other
as 'Dumbhead', and to hear a remark like—
'By Hercules, Palinurus! Have you got your
new squad doing dirty work already?'

There was a burst of laughter at her dis-
gusted tone, but the librarians exchanged
approving glances. "Our work isn't in vain!"
one of them whispered. "Isn't it fine to
know they notice things like that?" They
let the laughter die down and then signaled
for the next book-masquerader. "Out did
step the queerest figure!" She was dressed in
a chocolate-brown union suit, with her face,
neck and arms dyed as nearly that color as
possible. A black worsted wig was on her
head, a large curtain-ring swung in some
miraculous manner from her nose, and one
hand held a spear of fearful appearance.

"Introducing the books about Africa!"
she announced. "Africa is very well rep-
resented this month. First, there are the *Folk
Tales of a Savage* by Lobagola (Knopf).
When I read that title, I wasn't much
tempted because I thought the book was
going to be too babyish. But it isn't—not a
bit. All the stories are short, very pointed,
and invariably interesting. Although they are
almost all about animals, still the situations
and characters are human and often funny.

Going Places through Books

By SOPHIE L.
GOLDSMITH

Lovely containers add charm to flowers—

I could have gone on listening to the wise old Story-Teller long after he had told his last tale. Another story of Africa is *Queen Dido's Treasure* by Ada H. Glanville (Little, Brown and Company). This is a story of Rai, nephew of the great Hannibal, who with his chum Balin, and the Princess Elissa, Ronwen and Ceara, set off on a search for Queen Dido's treasure, hidden many years before. Their dangerous trip through the African jungles is made the more so because of pursuit by hostile powers and the presence of a spy. But my favorite book of this group is one which introduces us to the Africa of today, the Africa of a brave explorer and his wife, of cornered animals fascinatingly portrayed, of loyal natives who faithfully serve the white man. This is *Adventures in The African Jungle* by Carl and Mary L. Jobe Akeley (Dodd, Mead and Company). I learned a lot of African words from that book. Some day I'm going to introduce African anagrams, and use my African vocabulary."

"You play it in African, and I'll play it in Spanish!" said a voice which seemed to come from beneath a huge tortoise-shell comb. The girls craned their necks to find the owner of the voice and comb, and saw a small girl beautifully dressed in a Sevillian costume of crimson-ruffled skirt, black velvet bodice and fringed embroidered shawl. "I've been reading *Lupe Goes to School* by Esther Brann (Macmillan) and I'm going to study Spanish the first chance I get! You know most of the books I've happened to read about Spain have been about the Inquisition or Christopher Columbus or something else far, far back in history. But this book is about a little Spanish girl of today who is placed in a Spanish boarding school, and it makes you feel as much at home there as she does. I loved the pictures in this book, too—they are so gay and clever."

"They can't be better than the ones in my book," remarked a girl dressed in a colorful Hungarian costume. "*Tales from the Crescent Moon* by May McNeer (Farrar and Rinehart and the Junior Literary Guild) really doesn't need any illustrations, because every word is so full of color. This book has colored illustrations and end-papers by Charlotte Lederer, and her blues in particular are too beautiful for words! The stories are very unusual ones—legends and tales about the Tartars, Cossacks and Magyars of Hungary."

"Since unusual stories are under discussion," remarked a very tall, thin girl in a checkered shirt and long, shabby trousers, "I'd like to tell you about *Green Island* by George Biddle (Coward McCann). The scene of this book is laid in the lovely island of Tahiti, and it's one of the funniest, most original books I've ever read. In fact, I'd recommend it not only to the older girls among ourselves, but to grown-ups as well. George Biddle is an artist, dressing in his illustrations as I'm dressed now. He tells about his life on this South Sea Island, where children from eight to sixteen years old act as his housekeeper, cook and handy man, while he paints away. The illustrations are arresting—often more like caricatures—and would be of especial interest to girls studying modern art."

"An artist also plays a part in my favorite book for the month," said a pretty blue-eyed girl in a costume of mediaeval Germany. "*Walf Maid* by May McNeer (Macmillan) brings its heroine after long wandering

finally to old Nuremberg and to the home of Albrecht Dürer, the great artist. She has been pursued since the death of her mother by a scoundrel who accuses her of witchcraft. Befriended by a group of strolling musicians, she has successfully escaped him until he locates her in Dürer's home, where she has taken service. She is actually brought to trial, but is vindicated by Dürer himself."

"It's always fun to read about old superstitions," agreed a slim girl in a curiously designed one-piece garment, with a quaint feathered headdress. "In my book, *The Dark Star of Itza*, by Alida Sims Malkus (Harcourt, Brace), we are introduced to Chichen Itza, one of the buried cities of the Mayas in South America. Although the Mayan people were in many respects highly civilized, yet the life of their beloved high-priestess is saved only by a ruse which plays on the superstitions of the people. The young priestess is the heroine of the story, which gives an absorbing account of the fall of one city, and the triumph of another. In these episodes, important parts are played by a beautiful queen who is a Mayan Helen of Troy, the young priestess to whom she takes a fancy, and her brave and resourceful lover. It is fascinating to watch an old, old empire come alive through the skill of the writer."

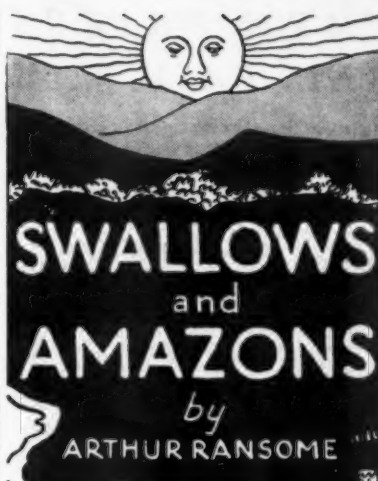
"Exactly the case with my book," came from across the room. "I've been living in France in the period just after that of Joan of Arc, which is a time, it seems to me, usually neglected either in favor of Joan of Arc stories or entirely different periods of French history. Edmond, the hero of *The Shadow of the Sword* by Hawthorne Daniel (Macmillan), is a fisher-boy who lives on the island of Saint Michel. His bravery under trying circumstances is rewarded by the realization of one of his dearest dreams—that of becoming a soldier of the guard."

"If you like to watch a struggle when you read," said a tall girl in the knee boots, belted blouse and high furred hat of the Russian, "wait until you read *His Excellency and Peter* by Theodore Ackland Harper (Doubleday, Doran). This is a fine story, especially for people of senior high school, although when you see the jacket with Peter standing there holding his horse, you may get the impression that it's a book for younger boys. It is laid in the time of Nicholas III of Russia and tells of a wild and perilous trip by an engineer whose duty it was to make a map of certain parts of Russia for the building of the trans-Siberian railway."

"Czechoslovakia is also a Slavic country," said a gayly dressed little Czech peasant girl, "so perhaps you will be interested in *The Shepherd and the Dragon*, fairy tales from the Czech by Bozena Nemcova (Robert McBride). Maybe we're all a little beyond fairy tales, but I never can resist a new collection."

A girl came forward, simply dressed in a sunbonnet and a full-skirted dress. "I'm no good at all at getting up costumes, but Mother had this one up in the attic, and after all, why shouldn't our own country be represented at an International Book Meeting? I've been reading *Overland in a Covered Wagon* by Joaquin Miller (Little, Brown), which is a most interesting biography of a period of which we never tire. I thought perhaps a covered wagon might sound homey and comfortable after magic carpets, Greek galleys and Russian railways."

And they all agreed that it did!



"DEATH OR GLORY!" roared Captain Flint as his houseboat was invaded by the crew of the *Swallow*: Captain John, Mate Susan, Able-seaman Titty and Ship's-boy Roger. They sailed the lake for treasure, made war on Nancy and Peggy of the *Amazon*, rode the storm, and found the secret of the mysterious isle. *Junior Literary Guild Selection for February. Illustrated by Helene Carter.*

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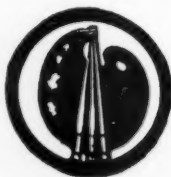
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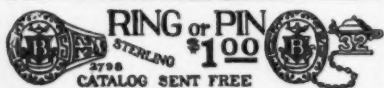
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Our International Mail Bag

(Continued from page 33)

Japan. She says: "There are Boy Scouts in Japan, but the Girl Scouts have not started yet. Maybe someone will some day. Then I will be a Girl Scout again. I think I had the most fun when I was a Girl Scout. I wish I were there to have the same fun with you girls, to play, swim, pass tests, have hikes, eat goodies and do many other things. I will ask you to be good and true Girl Scouts always. Here in Japan it is getting warmer and warmer every day. It is the cherry blossom time now."

No Girl Scouts in Italy

An Italian Girl tells about girls there

Guiliana Venanzi of Assisi, Italy, would like to be a Girl Scout, but there are none in her country, although there are Fascist groups for boys and girls. She writes: "Italian girls are just learning to play. They are beginning to realize what a lively game of tennis or basketball or a fine hike feels like. A few years ago, if a girl rode horseback, especially in a masculine riding outfit, everybody thought she was crazy. I will assure you of this from my own experience, because once I rode through Assisi and before I reached home I had all the small urchins of the town around me!

"I lived quite a few years in America, rather I was brought up there and of course I learned to love all American outdoor sports and games. When we came to Italy to live I was quite surprised to find that none of my friends knew what tennis was like and, what was worse, some had never been on a swing. Italian girls do not know what a summer camp is like, and yet here in Italy there are several places for ideal camps. . .

"Here at Assisi we love to walk. We have a big mountain back of the town, with woods and meadows that in spring are covered with flowers. The meadows in the winter make a wonderful skiing place. This is one sport that Italians are beginning to enjoy and it is getting to be quite popular among girls of my age.

"I could go on telling many things, but I am allowed no more space. Maybe another time I will be able to continue. If any of you ever come to Assisi, please look me up. I will be glad to see some reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL."

English Walkers Can Walk

They did eighty miles a week!

Mary Margaret Cutberth of Quanah, Texas receives interesting letters from an English Girl Guide who wonders if the Girl Scouts of Quanah do much walking, "for," she writes, "I do very much. Last summer a friend and myself did eighty miles in one week which isn't really very bad for ama-

teur trampers. One day in February, nine girls and myself went for a walk in the country about ten miles. It was very cold and we soon got amongst the snow as we were up on the moors; of course, we did not hurry a great deal as there were many tempting stretches of frozen water where we could slide."

Girl Guides in Newfoundland

They are growing in St. John's

The Girl Guides in St. John's, Newfoundland are to be congratulated on the progress they have made in their seven years of Guiding. Since their beginning, in 1923, they have done many interesting things, including the active part they took in the event of the late Field Marshal Haig's visit to St. John's.

At Foxlease, England

International Conference News

Thrilling news from the International Conference last summer at Foxlease comes to us from Mrs. Mary J. Littlefield of Montclair, New Jersey. She has told us interesting things about Girl Scouts all over the world. "Guiding on the Continent is a serious business," she says. "The requirements are so extensive that there are comparatively few first class Girl Scouts. In some countries a girl cannot be a patrol leader under sixteen, and in many countries not under fourteen. In Norway, a second class Guide must know more for second class first aid than we require for our first aid badge, the first aid for first class requiring almost the knowledge of a trained nurse! Girl Guides of Sweden gave a remarkable demonstration of life saving methods in breaking through ice.

"The most exciting event of the conference, probably, was the visit of England's most favorite Girl Guide—the Princess Mary. All through the week troop conferences were filled with plans for her visit. When she arrived, spic and span in her Guider uniform, we were all on hand to greet her and sing the national anthem, after which we were presented in true Girl Guide fashion, saluting with our right hand and shaking hands with our left.

"It was at this conference, too, that Lady

Baden-Powell was officially elected the Chief Girl Guide of all the world, a title which she has held in all our minds, if not in actuality, for many years."

Editor's Note: We feel that we need hardly tell Girl Guides all over the world how much THE AMERICAN GIRL is interested in hearing from them, not just for the International Issue and at Christmas time, but all through the year. So do write often!



BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA GIRLS HAD FOREIGN DANCES IN THEIR INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

If you are lying awake nights planning a spring wardrobe—

A Tropical Bedroom

(Continued from page 25)

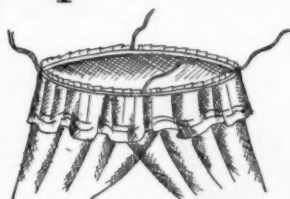
should be elliptical. It is covered with the tarlatan cloth in the way that lampshade wire is bound. This hoop is to hang a foot or two from the ceiling, and the drapery will hang from it.

These draperies must be cut long enough to reach the ground from the hoop, and with as many widths as are necessary to reach completely around the bed. The widths are sewed together, with the exception of one seam. This is left open so that the material can be drawn back and fastened at the head of the bed during the day.

The top of the drapery should be ruffled to the size of the hoop, and a foot or so can be left to hang at the top in a tucked flounce, for a finish. This flounce should be sewed to the drapery with strong tape, and four tapes should be attached for tying the drapery to the hoop, which is covered with tarlatan cloth at the top, like a drum. Before the hoop is covered, however, four strings, two feet long, should be sewed to it, for hanging the whole *klamboe* to a large hook or nail in the ceiling. When it is all in place, with the tarlatan cloth tied back, or enveloping the bed, the *klamboe* becomes a dainty bit of decoration and sleeping has been made comfortable.

The bed or couch cover should match, or be in contrast with the tarlatan cloth above it. Glazed chintz is lovely and cool looking, and can be piped in a darker shade. Or a modern linen print can be used.

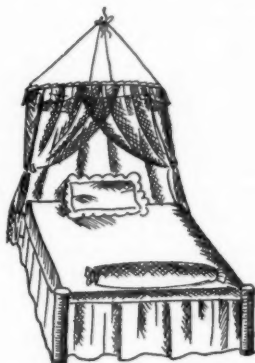
Wicker is coolest for chairs, and the com-



ATTACH FOUR TAPES FOR TYING



HANG HOOP FROM CEILING



FASTEN THE KLAMBOE BACK AT HEAD OF BED DURING THE DAY

fortable long ones are pretty if they are covered with chintz or linen or fabricoid cushions. The "corrugated" cushions, made in padded sections, are very cool. Fabricoid is a new, glazed material more like leather than cloth, and yet in the thin quality it looks like glazed chintz. Wicker stools are useful as extensions for the chair, or as a seat for the dressing table if there is one. An ordinary table draped with the material of the cushions or in the color of the *klamboe* will do, and a simple mirror can hang over it.

Small, oval hooked rugs are practical for the floor, and so are rag rugs, or native mats, if you live in the tropics. The furniture that is not wicker should be plain in design, and not large. It can be left in the natural wood, or lacquered to contrast with the hangings.

The general color scheme might be a blending of one color in different shades. The walls and ceiling should be lightest, the curtains and tarlatan cloth *klamboe* should be next in tone, and the bed cover and cushions should be deeper, but not dark. The furniture should come

between the shade of the bed cover and the floor, which should be the darkest. Nothing in the room should be loud with color, because that would spoil the effect of light and coolness that we desire. The prevailing color might be a soft green, or pale vermilion, or perhaps burnt orange if it is your favorite—or one of the pale yellows.

This plan may sound rather feminine, especially if you spend much of your summertime in khaki knickers, but usually one wears organdy at least part of the time!

The Stylist Charts the Fashions

(Continued from page 23)

following fashion trends. And just what do we mean when we say fashion trends?

Every style has its development. Some styles that make the biggest hit at the Paris openings, or when seen on the mannequins at the races, are the slowest to get to New York. They may be too extreme or too expensive to have an immediate vogue, but as they are modified and cheapened they creep into volume trade. It is then, when everyone shows signs of wearing capes or peplums on their frocks, that the stylist urges her store to buy them.

Fashion, according to Amos Parrish, who is an expert on the subject, is "a mode that has been adopted by a sizable number of people." A store is not interested in a mode

until it has become a fashion. "High fashions," worn only by rich people, are not for department store trade. If a stylist sees a famous beauty drinking tea at the Ritz in a printed silk dress, that is no indication that printed silk dresses will be good. It is when she sees them worn by all the strollers on Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard that she says to her store, "They're the coming rage. Hurry up and buy them!"

The stylist gets her information by keeping her eyes and ears open. She keeps in close touch by cable with the Paris office—for every big store has an office in Paris, style headquarters of the world. She does window shopping in competitive shops, carefully reads (Continued on page 52)

DOCTORS' WIVES KNOW..!



These happy youngsters are typical of healthy babies whose fathers are doctors.

For their babies' things they use LUX

WHO in the world gets better care than the babies who have doctors for fathers?

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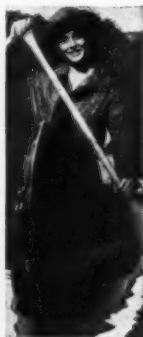
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The Stylist Charts the Fashions

(Continued from page 51)

the news service that takes the new modes seriously and makes its predictions six months in advance. She studies charts of silks and woollens issued by manufacturers to give her a clue to colors and fabrics. She notes individual examples of styles worn by women who patronize exclusive hotels or smart society haunts like the races or other such functions. Where she finds well-dressed women she counts how many tweed suits appear or how many satin dresses, notes their prevailing cut and color and the type of hats worn.

If she becomes expert enough, she may be sent abroad, but it is a fallacy that every stylist goes to Paris. If she works in some city outside of New York, she may make seasonal trips to the metropolis, but the stylist who goes into the work because she "hopes to travel" will be disappointed to find how much of her work is done right in her own store.

When the job of stylist first developed, it was believed any girl could fill it who had a style sense and knew pretty clothes. Of course, a style sense does help, but it is not as important as business ability. The merchant soon learned that the fashion analyst could save him a lot more money if she served an apprenticeship in the store, selling behind the counter, learning merchandise from the bottom up, than if she brought him a fine social background and familiarity with fashionable resorts.

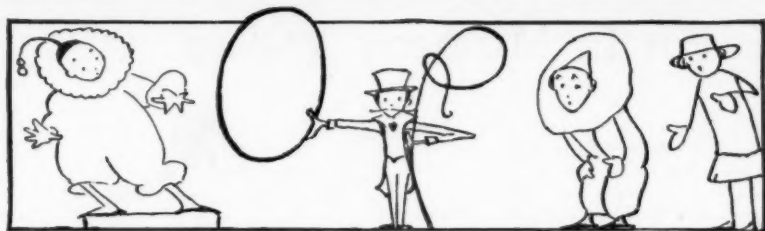
For the stylist must know merchandising. A large part of her job is to be coordinator between the various departments of a big store. A few years ago the word *ensemble* broke into our dress vocabulary. It meant that the coat and dress should match or be closely related in fabric and color. This same idea has extended to the hat and all accessories of the costume. Shoes, hose, gloves, even handbags and costume jewelry are nowadays selected to blend. It is the stylist's job to make it possible for a customer to enter her store and come forth outfitted from top to toe in clothes that seem to belong together. To anticipate next season's wants in all these small accessories requires careful and intensive work. It explains why the stylist's prediction of the season's prevailing colors—black, first; brown, second; green, third—is important news to the buyers of every ready-to-wear department in the store.

Having her advance information at her finger tips, the stylist gets in touch with the buyer concerned and advises him on his new purchases. If she is clever, she will not say, "This dress is awful! Don't you know that shoulder capes are dead?"

Blunt tactics like this would make her as unpopular as the toothache. The first quality she needs is tact. Rather she should suggest that, from all indications, shoulder capes have run their race.

Now that the world has grown style conscious in the matter of wearing apparel, the stylist has found her way into all types of manufacture, from silks to automobiles, from chintzes to linoleums. Wherever the desire for distinction exists, we find the stylist working it out.

Have you ever wanted to be a nimble ping-pong player?



Laugh and Grow Scout

Simple Arithmetic

TOM: How do they figure the population of a Swiss village?

TIM: Oh, I guess they count the number of echoes and divide by the number of mountains.—Sent by MARTHA MARION KILTON, Monticello, Illinois

Those Charming Pagodas

A new family had moved into the old Harper place down at Slick's Corner. From what Aunt Sarah Peabody says they put on an awful lot of dog.

Anyway, Aunt Sarah called on the new folks for tea one day. The talk

turned to highbrow things like foreign travel and Aunt Sarah, not to be outdone, although she's never been more than sixteen miles away from Slick's Corner in all her life, came right back with foreign experiences of her own.

They got pretty enthusiastic. "And Asia!" gurgled the new neighbor. "Ah, wonderful, mystic Asia! Never shall I forget India and China—most of all, China, the celestial kingdom."

"I kinda liked China myself," remarked Aunt Sarah, not to be outwitted.

"And the pagodas! Did you see them?"

"Did I see 'em!" sniffed Aunt Sarah. "Why, my dear, I had dinner with them!"—Sent by SUSIE REDMAN, French Lick, Indiana



Not Guilty

In response to an emergency call, the airport ambulance rushed out to the scene of the crash. On the way a surgeon asked a small boy if he knew of an airplane that had crashed near there.

The small boy, fearfully hiding his sling shot, replied, "N-no, sir. I just been shootin' at boids."—Sent by NANCY NEWTON, Cameron, Texas.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Very Important

The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking, standing with his back to the fire, when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted, "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. Your coat's on fire, sir!"—Sent by MITSU NAKAYAMA, Pelham Manor, New York

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

A Comfortable Size

WIFE: But why did you buy a daschund for the children?

HUSBAND: So that they can all pet him at once.—Sent by NATALIE GOLDSTEIN, Union City, New Jersey

The Proper Approach

A man who had been waiting patiently in the post office could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of them, "was a redingote design in gorgeous lamé brocade, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat red stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the tout ensemble delicately treated on the reverse with gum arabic. Something about two cents."—Sent by FANNY LEVENTHAL, Newark, New York

He Was Sensitive



JUNKMAN: Rags! Rags!
TRAMP (just passing): Don't yer get so all-fired personal in your remarks.—Sent by HELEN BURKE, Cicero, Illinois

A Lucky Decision

It was necessary for taxation purposes to decide which side of the Canadian and United States border a farm, which an old lady had just purchased, actually lay.

Surveyors finally announced that the farm was just on the American side of the border. The old lady smiled with relief.

"I'm so glad to know that," she said. "I've heard that winters in Canada are terribly severe."—Sent by CECILIA ALLEN, Los Angeles, California

Mary Ellen gives a lesson in this sport in April!

Do your room this little favor

Dress it up for spring. It's easy with Fels-Naptha. Every big golden bar brings extra help to get rid of dirt. Not soap alone, but unusually good soap and naptha, working hand-in-hand. Together, this busy team turns everything bright and cheery—with less effort on your part. This extra help can make mother's washing easier, too. Ask her to get Fels-Naptha at her grocer's.

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A Strange Event In Mulberry Village



(Continued from page 14)

limbs seem to linger and all my work is neglected. I am the rudest woman in the village, for I should make time to show respect to your most honorable wife."

"It is mutual on my wife's part, I am afraid."

"Our family is ever grateful for your kindness," she went on talking very fast. "On every occasion that my husband writes from Tokyo, he sends his deep respect to you and your household."

"With grateful thanks for his consideration, I bow. By the way, my son Saburo delivered your message about the mulberry leaves. After close calculation I think I can let you have, at twenty sen, about five ken of leaves daily, until the end of the season—if you think that amount will be sufficient."

"Thank you, thank you, Honorable Master." And with fervent heart-satisfaction the woman made many bows. "I am sorry, Honorable Master, that on account of the honorable worms, I cannot offer you the tobacco charcoal."

"Certainly. Certainly. Everybody in the village expects to make denial of smoking when near silkworms."

Mr. Sugita shifted his position on his cushion and straightening his shoulders, locked his arms within the folds of his loose sleeves. Then he looked at his hostess with a grave face.

"I have come tonight," he said, "with a very serious mind, concerning a matter about which I must confess, that your hus-

band and I have been corresponding. He—a-ah!—has written me the consent—that is, if you are willing. Both myself and my wife want a daughter who will give water at the last hour of our breathing, and sometime ago, we cast our choice on your family. Since then we have watched. Saburo and your daughter seem the best of friends. In fact—" Mr. Sugita laughed good-naturedly as he spoke—"I imagine they already are suspecting the very talk we are having now."

Otake's mother bowed but was silent. Her mind seemed stretching painfully into a far-distant future where she saw Otake a wife; her husband a sturdy, honest, good-working youth—village born, but school-finished in a Tokyo high school. Perhaps in time he would be an up-to-date young gentleman in European dress. Saburo San was kind, thoughtful—yes, but a deserter, like his father, from the belief of his ancestors. Her heart thumped heavily in her bosom.

Mr. Sugita drained the tiny teacup in front of him.

"This topic seems already the talk of the village," he continued. "It is an old saying, you know, that only fathers and mothers are ignorant when the young are friendly."

The poor mother again made a profound bow and muttered, "A great honor—a great honor!"

"My good friend, the honorable school teacher, will consent to be go-between," Mr. Sugita went on. "Of course this conversation is only preliminary. He will arrange with you formally."

Nothing further was said either on the subject of match-making or the sale of mulberry leaves; but Mr. Sugita, having already received the consent of Otake's father, seemed to take it for granted that the conversation was satisfactorily ended, and with a few formal words, he bowed a gracious farewell.

The next autumn the little, four-page, village newspaper published the following editorial:

"The world is changing. According to the belief of our Honorable Ancestors, the



holy duty of a priest is to guide departed spirits in the road to Buddha. In these modern days priests are beginning to have earthly duties also, but we understand that priests of the Christian faith have always been connected with joyous and material things. We are interested in recording that on the occasion of the marriage of the oldest son of the Village Head-master, a priest of the Christian faith was guest; and furthermore, in accordance with foreign custom, he broke with words, the silence of the sacred ceremony. This is the first time such an event has occurred in Mulberry Village. Another heretofore unheard of incident in our village is that the betrothal pledge of this marriage was arranged originally by heart to heart, the parental consent coming afterward.

"In the face of such unusual facts, we are slow to offer congratulations, but we trust that no evil will result either to the family of our Honorable Head-master or to the village by which he is greatly respected."

"We feel it our duty, however, as public instructors, to issue a word of warning. Our belief is firm that among our sturdy, ancestor-loving people there is no other family that would venture such a dangerous risk; still we cannot be so unpatriotic as to give publicity to such a strange happening in our midst without this accompanying admonition."

And yet, notwithstanding—"they lived happily ever after."

Monsieur Guignol Returns

(Continued from page 9)

be shouting for him to give back their sous, and he would have to do it, because he hadn't given them a good show. Papa Michel had always been so scornful of the acrobats and sword swallows whom one sometimes saw on street corners, who collected the people's money and then refused to give a show because they had not received enough for their efforts.

"Whenever Guignol does not give a good show," he had said proudly, "they shall have their money back." But those sous in the tin box—they were the start of the money that was to save Papa Michel's life. Oh, it was impossible to give those back! Jean's knees stiffened. The clamor was increasing. He stuck Guignol up once more

before his restless audience, looked around for a brief moment and called for attention.

"Silence, mes enfants!" cried Guignol as loudly as Jean could make him. "*Attendez un moment!* You must listen to me now. I have something to tell you!" There was silence again, and Guignol went on in a strange, hurried voice. "When you have seen me before, it has always been Papa Michel who made me speak. He is the finest puppet man in Paris or France, or all the world maybe. But today it is only Jean who makes me speak, and I will tell you why: Papa Michel is very sick. For many weeks he has been in bed and now they say there is only one man in Paris who can keep him from dying. But that man is Dr. André Bernard. Do you

know who he is? He is a very great man, and wants a very great deal of money to make Papa Michel well. So that is why Jean makes me speak. We, Jean and I, we must earn enough money to pay the great doctor to save Papa. Oh! do you not see? You must not laugh at us now, for we are trying to save Papa Michel!" Guignol's voice had a funny crack in it at the end, and he flopped down as if he were tired out. Some of the children did not understand and grumbled or laughed. Others were sad and silent as they filed out, and some forgot all about it at once and ran back to their play. But not a single child asked to have his sous returned.

Jean gathered up the puppets and put them back in the box. Monsieur Guignol was

If you want to start your garden this year—

still smiling, but there was something rather empty about his smile and he didn't seem to wink. Jean put the sous into his pockets. There were a great many and they were very heavy. But then it takes a great, great, great many sous to make enough francs to pay a doctor. Jean came out and locked the door of the theater.

"You are not going to give any more performances today?" asked a tall man who was standing just outside the wicket gate. He had a little girl beside him who danced up and down, and Jean noticed that they were the two who had sat on the front bench and looked so eager before the show began.

"No, it is no use," said Jean, "I shall practice some more tonight and try again tomorrow."

"Where do you live?" asked the man.

"Rue de l'Estrapade, 5," said Jean, pushing by.

"Wait a bit," said the man. "You spoke of Dr. André Bernard. You think he could save Papa Michel?"

"Our doctor said he is the only one who could. But he has gone out for a holiday today. I could not find him."

"Tell him, Papa! Tell him!" cried the little girl, hopping up and down delightedly.

"I am Dr. Bernard, Jean," said the tall man gently.

Jean felt queer. Dr. Bernard seemed to be swimming in a kind of gray mist. But the real fault was with the sous in Jean's pockets. They were so heavy, they were dragging him down. He couldn't stand up any longer. He crumpled down on top of the drum and the box of puppets in a small, limp heap.

When Jean awoke he was lying on his own cot and a ray of dusty, evening sunlight lay across his feet. A deep, kindly voice was saying, "Give him plenty of good food and rest, that's the best remedy for the little one. As for Papa Michel, he shall stay with me at my hospital until he is able to make Guignol dance again—a couple of weeks, perhaps; I hardly think it will be more."

Jean struggled to a sitting posture.

"Où, monsieur! Oui, monsieur le docteur," the concierge was saying, making a little bow with each word.

"Spare no expense," the doctor said; "the boy must have the best of everything." Jean was frightened.

"But, monsieur, there are only the sous I have in my pocket. You must use those first for Papa," he broke in. The doctor laughed and patted Jean's shoulder.

"How much do you think I shall charge, Jean?"

"A great many hundred francs," said Jean slowly. "You are a very great man, they say."

"Do they say that of me, Jean?" asked Dr. Bernard gravely. "I am glad. But I want to tell you, Jean, that this time it isn't going to cost a sou."

"Oh, Monsieur, you would do this for us?" cried Jean.

"No! No!" cried the doctor laughing. "It's not for you at all. You see, it's a birthday present for a little girl."

Jean lay still after the doctor had gone, and thought of many things. Across the room the last rays of sun touched Monsieur Guignol who was hanging recklessly out of the puppet box. Jean looked at him and smiled—a long, contented smile. Monsieur Guignol smiled back and Jean was sure he winked.



WHAT IRVING BERLIN

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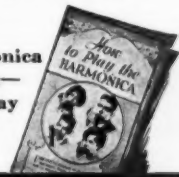
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Mystery at Shadylawn



(Continued from page 45)

be out at ten-fifteen," Marjorie reminded them.

"How do you know?" Gloria asked lazily.

"Have you forgotten that I told you on the train that I read all the rules and regulations—" Marjorie said. "Make-up is strictly taboo. But a little powder may be dusted over the face on evenings when there are special social gatherings." But how can you 'dust' powder over your face without looking like a clown? I bet Miss Hunter uses a piece of pink chamois and rubs her cheeks hard to make them pink the way girls did in Louisa May Alcott's books!"

"Oh, Marjorie, how you rattle on!" Gloria said, laughing. "I don't know anything about Louisa May Alcott's books! I never read them in my life!"

"Why, where were you brought up?" Marjorie demanded. "I thought every well-equipped American home had a complete set of Louisa Alcott's books and the hateful Elsie Dinsmore series. Mother had them all and she gave them to me. Didn't your mother make you read them?"

"My mother died when I was four. I hardly remember her," Gloria answered.

"I'm sorry," Marjorie said. "I always seem to be saying the wrong thing. Please forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive," Gloria said generously. "I can't see how you would be expected to know that Mother was dead unless I told you. I've been going to boarding schools ever since I can remember—one after another. I've hated them all up till now. But I think I'm going to like Shadylawn."

"You'd better believe you are!" Marjorie told her breezily.

"Father's going to be married again," Gloria went on. "I felt badly when he first told me about it. But he sent me to Europe last summer to make up for it. He's a darling."

"He must be," Marjorie answered, "to send you to Europe."

"There's the warning bell!" Mary Hopkins said. "Lights out in ten minutes."

There was a wild scramble for tooth brushes and night dresses. Mary went into the bedroom and undressed quietly and slipped into one of the tatting-trimmed night dresses and got into bed. She caught back her long hair, into a loose braid as she always did at night. She drew the covers up to her chin. The other girls had been too busy to notice her old-fashioned night dress and she was glad.

The next day was a free one and after a late breakfast the girls went down to the stables to look at the horses and then over to the athletic field where some girls were tossing a ball about. But it was the archery range that won their hearts.

Mr. Vernon Jackson was there, looking very doggy, as Marjorie expressed it later.

He was superintending the arrangement of the target with its backing of straw.

"How do you do?" Gloria said in her best Greta Garbo manner.

"How do you do?" he answered, smiling at them all.

Before any of them could think of anything else to say Miss Harrigan came down the path and then they knew why Mr. Jackson hadn't been particularly glad to see them! He evidently wanted to be alone with the pretty teacher. However, Miss Harrigan seemed delighted to see them and told them about archery and got Mr. Jackson to show them where the bows and arrows were kept.

"What an ideal range!" Marjorie exclaimed as she looked down at the beautifully rolled turf, between two high hedges.

"The girls are crazy about it," Miss Harrigan said, and Gloria, who had chosen a light bow and a gay red arrow, stepped into place. But Marjorie caught her arm.

"Don't stop now, Gloria," she said. "We'll come back later."

IF YOU ARE GOING TO TRAVEL ABROAD

—you will surely want the revised card of introduction for Girl Scout leaders and Girl Scouts so that you may be accepted in Girl Guide camps and will receive the courtesies which will be extended to you as a member of a sister organization by Girl Guides and Girl Scouts in other countries.

The card is printed in English, French and German and has a space on the back for your passport photograph. It will be issued upon request to any Girl Scout or leader who writes to Mrs. Lyman Delano, Chairman of the International Committee, at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Each card will be signed by Mrs. Delano and endorsed by the Commissioner of the Girl Scout's or leader's local Council, thereby indicating that the person introduced is a member in good standing.

Gloria put down the bow and arrow and followed Marjorie obediently.

"Goodness you're dumb!" Marjorie cried when they were out of earshot. "Couldn't you see that they wanted to be alone? At least Mr. Jackson wanted to be alone."

"I think you're being sentimental," Gloria cried. "I don't think they do at all!"

"All right," Marjorie said, stopping in the path. "I'm always willing to listen to the other side. Let's go back and shoot some arrows. I may have been wrong."

The grass was thick and their footsteps were deadened by it so that Mildred Harrigan and Vernon Jackson behind the tall hedge did not hear them approach. Mr. Jackson was saying tensely, "Yes, I've asked you to marry me ten times before and I'll ask you ten times again, or as many times as I must to make you say, 'yes.'"

There was a note almost like a sob in Mildred Harrigan's voice when she answered.

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't, Vernon. I feel miserable about the whole thing. I do like you, but I can't say yes. You know I can't! And besides, there's—"

"Besides what?" he asked sharply when she hesitated.

"Besides there is Dick White—" she answered.

"Yes, there's Dick White, but I hate to think of your throwing yourself away on him," Vernon Jackson said.

"You say that because you know he hasn't much money!" she flared. "As though that would make any difference to me!"

"I know it wouldn't make any difference," Vernon Jackson said in a lower voice. "You're that kind of a girl! But believe me, dear, money helps a lot."

"Oh, I know about money! I've suffered all my life for lack of it!" Mildred Harrigan said in a hard, almost bitter voice. "I'd give anything to have some right now—but I couldn't marry you to get it, Vernon. I couldn't do that. And besides, I do love Dick!"

"Of course, darling. Let's not quarrel about it. Just remember that my love will always be waiting for you." He spoke in such a low voice that the three listening girls could barely hear him. It was only when Marjorie caught herself leaning forward to hear better that they all at one time realized that they had been eavesdropping. Mary's cheeks were pink with shame as she turned and faced the other two girls.

"We've been deliberately listening!" she said in a voice choked with shame.

"Wasn't it romantic?" Gloria asked, trying to pretend that she hadn't minded very much.

"Of course it was, but what sneaks we were to listen!" Marjorie flared.

"I quite forgot where I was," Gloria said quite honestly. "I felt as though I were at a play."

"It was like a book," Mary breathed.

"But we've been standing here listening!" Marjorie pointed out.

"We didn't mean to," Gloria said loftily, "and after we began to listen we couldn't very well break in on that love scene!"

"I think it's only fair to tell them what we overheard."

"Go ahead, but you'll only make them angry," Gloria said, "and embarrassed, too. How do you think Miss Harrigan will like our knowing that she's so poor and needs money so badly? Believe me, Marjorie, the best thing for us to do is to go away and let sleeping dogs lie."

"Perhaps you're right," Marjorie admitted reluctantly.

"I know I'm right," said Gloria.

"We'll take a vow never to tell anybody what we've heard—"

And so they vowed, solemnly and gleefully, too, little knowing under what tragic circumstances the memory of this scene would return to them.

Marjorie, Mary and Gloria are soon plunged into a queer mystery at Shadylawn.



Peculiar things happen at a dance at Shadylawn next month—



When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

WE HAVE A considerable amount of United States news for you this month. First of all, there is a great deal of activity in the Post Office Department.

The new two cent Pulaski Commemorative postage stamp was placed on sale on January sixteenth as had been expected. The stamp is the same size and shape as the regular issue and is printed in red ink. You know General Casimir Pulaski was the noted Polish patriot and hero of the American Revolution. If you want one of these stamps for your collection and cannot obtain one at your own post office, send five cents (which includes return postage) to the editor of this column and he will be glad to send you an unused copy.

The design for the new two cent Yorktown stamp to commemorate the anniversary of the Battle of Yorktown has been approved. This stamp will be the same size as the current special delivery stamp and will be of unusual attractiveness, in view of the fact that it will be bi-colored. It will show three portraits, the portraits to be printed in black and the border in red. The center portrait will be that of George Washington; the one on the left, Rochambeau and the one on the right, De Grasse, the representatives respectively of the French Army and French Navy. This stamp will not be issued until some time in October of this year.

And now for the big news from Washington. The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington will be celebrated in 1932. As already mentioned in this column the Post Office Department will issue an entire series of postage stamps to commemorate the occasion. The stamps will be known as the Washington Bi-centenary series and the designs are now being selected by the Postmaster General. It is the intention of the Post Office to prepare this new issue one by one and have the stamps appear as soon as they are ready, instead of waiting until the end of next year to have the entire series appear simultaneously. By the time the celebration takes place the entire series will have been issued. One piece of information that comes as a surprise is the fact that there will be a special two cent envelope in addition to the series of postage stamps.

On February second the air mail route operating between Chicago and the Twin Cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis—was extended to Pembina, North Dakota. If you will look at a map you will see that Pembina is on the international border between the United States and Canada. On the same date the Canadian Post Office authorities established an air mail route between Winnipeg, Manitoba and Pembina. This means that there is now direct air mail service between Winnipeg and the United States. There was a special cachet applied to first flight air mail at the four different cities on the new route.

Australia plans to issue a set of three stamps in commemoration of the record breaking flights of Charles Kingsford-Smith during the past two years. The stamps will be the same size as the current air mail stamp and will probably be issued early this year.

As Iraq will change its form of currency on April first from the rupee to the dinar, it is expected that the present issue of postage stamps will either be surcharged or replaced by a new issue.

Newfoundland has just issued the finest set of air mail stamps we have ever seen. The series consists of three stamps, each very large in size and different in shape. They were designed at St. John's, but were engraved in London. There is a fifteen cent brown stamp, which has for its central design a courier and dog-team mushing across the snow, with the forest in the background, and overhead an airplane equipped with skids—suggesting the old and new way of carrying mail. The fifty cent deep yellow green is a large horizontal oblong stamp. An old sailing vessel in the foreground and the rocky slopes each side of the narrows dominate the picture. Above this grouping is a picture of the very first airplane ever to fly across the

Atlantic Ocean. The third stamp, of one dollar denomination, has a deep blue border with a light blue center and is about the same size as our Graf Zeppelin issue. This stamp tells the history of seven transatlantic flights. "Newfoundland" is across the top of each stamp, "Air Mail" at each side, and the denominations and figures of value are at the bottom. This set should be in every air mail collection.



ILLUSTRATED ALBUM & BIG STAMP PACKET 12c

Send 10c (coin) and 2c stamp for the VIKING SPECIAL STAMP ALBUM. Holds nearly 1,000 stamps. Places for U. S. Commem. Fully illustrated. Sizes 5 x 7½. All purchasers GIVEN Argonaut Stamp Club membership, Club Pin, perf. gauge. Big stamp packet.

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P. O. Box 4832 Frankford Sta. Philadelphia, Penna.

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And our WONDER packet of 60 different Zanzibar, Georgia, Lebanon (new), Congo, Morocco, Oceania, Mosambique, Sardinia, Angola, etc. etc. all for 5c with approvals and big free list. **5c**
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Largest Stamp in the world given free (Value 75c) to all those sending 4c for 100 all different stamps, and requesting approvals. Write Today.
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ZANZIBAR PACKET! Queer freshish stamps from Zanzibar, Indore, Antioquia, Congo, Hyderabad, Gold Coast, British Colonials, Newfoundland, South Americans. Don't delay! Don't wait! This whopping packet free for 5c postage.

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Afghanistan 234-5c; 6 Spain 8c; 2 Air. 10c; 6 Span. Amer. Union. 2 Air. 10c; 4 Dominica Red Cross 1930-45c; Luxemburg new Charity set-55c; Czechoslovakia King Wenzlaus-12c; Lithuania 1931-10c. 435 Air. Cat. 65c-25c. Ask for approvals, free lists. **A. G. SIMMONS STAMP CO., MORTON, MICH.**

LARGEST STAMP IN THE WORLD Bare China Wild Goose Special delivery stamp (value 75c) for only 5c to approval applicants. Supply limited—Postoffice only one to a Customer.
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50 different stamps from fifty different countries, including Bhopal, Deccan, Gwalior, Ireland, Jhind, Kenya, Bosnia, Siam, Malay, Tasmania, Travancore, Transvaal. This fine packet and 25 different AIRMAILS and perforation gauge, all for 15 cents, to approval applicants. Anchor Stamp Co., Box 47 K, Rutherford, N. J.

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STAMPS 105, China, etc., 2c. Album (500 illust.) 3c. List free. Bullard, 446 Tremont St., Boston

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Hand made bracelet, 1" wide, with any name, monogram or emblem. German silver \$1.00 cash, C.O.D., 15c extra. Sterling silver \$2.50 cash only. Special prices to clubs. Free booklet.

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For Your Troop, Church or School

Sell Bylund Bros. Assortment of Famous Candles.

No money in Advance—Pay Within 30 Days

Girl Scout Troops and thousands of others are using this plan. 75 nationally advertised candy bars to select from. Write for illustrated plan booklet.

Samples on request, Dept. A. G. 3.

Bylund Bros. Inc., Woolworth Bldg., N. Y.

Do You Ever Turn Back?

Whether you do or don't, you will turn back this time when you hear that on page 52 there is a handy coupon which is easy to fill out and which, when accompanied by a check or money-order, will bring you THE AMERICAN GIRL for the next twelve or twenty-four months, as you desire. Turn to page 52 immediately!

Don't miss the April instalment of this boarding school mystery!

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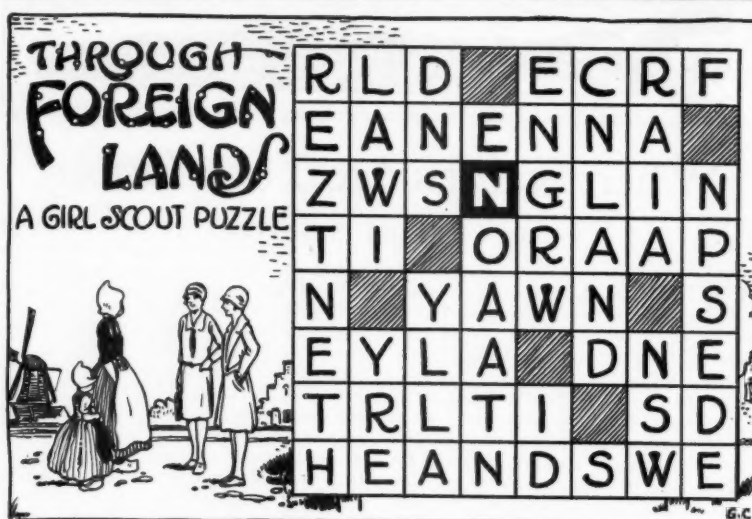
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OUR PUZZLE PACK



Through Foreign Lands

Our globe-trotting Girl Scouts are at it again, and once more our thoughts will be with girls in other lands, to learn how they live and play. The travelers who appear in this puzzle have taken one of the continents as their field and have just gone through eight of its countries.

Now our problem this time is to discover just what countries these are; so if we start from the black square and move in any direction up, down or sideways, (but not diagonally), we can spell out the names of these eight countries. The shaded squares that you see represent the spaces between each name. And remember that each square is to be passed through not more than once.

Puzzle Pack Work Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. To wind spirally
2. The crank of a wheel or an axle
3. Internal
4. Part of a play
5. A number

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change a TRAIN to a PLANE in seven moves.

An Enigma

I am a well known saying of twenty-two letters.

My 16, 17, 2, 5, is an undergarment.

My 10, 13, 1, 6, 7, is what an instructor does.

My 4, 19, is opposite of out.

My 14, 3, is abbreviation of street.

My 9, 11, 21, 22, is the next after eight.

My 18, 20, is the seventh note of the diatonic musical scale.

My 15, 8, 12, is to direct at something.

By MARY COLE, Age twelve, Monterey Park, California.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

When General Slutterfuss, en route to France in 1918, was afflicted with a temporary stomach trouble, what was the cause of this trouble?

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, nine new words will be formed. The nine added letters will spell the name of a large commercial city in southeastern Asia.

1. Late
2. Rate
3. Ever
4. Rate
5. Gate
6. Lane
7. Pens
8. Over
9. Late

Concealed States

The names of eight states of the United States of America are concealed in the following sentences:

1. Did a horse and rider pass this way?
2. But a house of that size costs a great deal of money.
3. The aviator flew over Montgomery at 6:45 this evening.
4. Clio was the Muse of history.
5. Please color a dozen Easter eggs for the children, Janet.
6. Haughtiness or ego never won friends.

By BETTY HANSEN, Troop Thirty-one, Kansas City, Missouri.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A PUZZLING VALENTINE: Evangeline.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:
 T A B L E
 A R R O W
 B R A V E
 L O V E R
 E W E R S

WORD JUMPING: Pill, pile, pole, pose, dose.

CONCEALED WORDS: 1. Bass 2. Shad 3. Cod 4. Herring 5. Trout 6. Haddock 7. Salmon 8. Smelts

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: When there are two of them.

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell CARMEN.

BEHEADED WORDS: Dream, Ream; shovel, hovel; trust, rust; prelate, relate.

Puzzles, jokes, pictures, news—all are coming in early issues!

FRESHY FROCKS

new spring styles at \$2.95

"HOW can such delightful frocks sell at so low a price?" That's what you'll exclaim when you see these stunning new styles in the gay spring colorings. And of course the price is so moderate that you'll want at least two or three of these frocks!



In a new size range—10 to 16
The "in-between" sizes

2600 Fine quality batiste in the new shades of blues, reds and greens. An unusual petal collar of white organdie. Sizes 10 to 16. \$2.95

2602 Of handkerchief linen in new spring colorings—tan, rose and blue combinations. Collars and cuffs of plain colors. Sizes 10 to 16. \$2.95

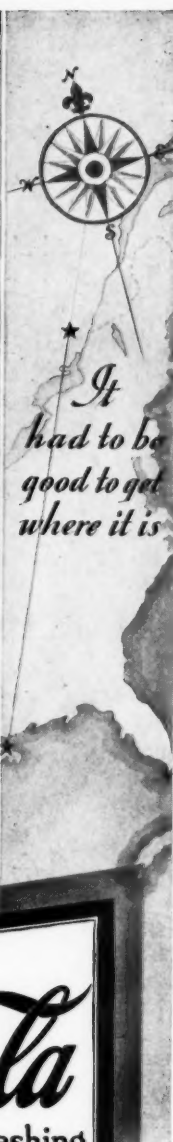
2601 Featuring "Just-So" Prints,—a new fabric with a linen finish. Pleated collar of white dotted swiss in the new off-shades of blues, lavenders and reds. Sizes 10 to 16. \$2.95.

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Montreal . . . New Orleans



A TALE OF TWO CITIES told by *the pause that refreshes*

A thousand four hundred miles apart. Montreal skates and skis in the joyous thrill of winter sports. New Orleans, at Mardi Gras, scatters flowers and dances in the streets. Yet Montreal rivals New Orleans in observing *the pause that refreshes*. In 1930 the number of bottles of Coca-Cola served in each was: Montreal, 66 million; New Orleans, 69 million.

... Thirst knows no season and climate makes no difference when it comes time for a refreshing pause. After the drink with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, you come up smiling for a fresh start. No time is lost. That's why Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes* fit so perfectly into both work and play.

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A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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